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Original Poetry.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Spare the lone leaf, thou bitter blast,
That decks yon blighted bough,
Oh! spare it! for it is the last
That lingers on it now.

It mocks thee not, its green is gone,
It bears no mark of spring;
Fee it is torn, and old, and wan,
Then, tempest let it cling.

They call that withered wasted tree
The monarch of the wood,
And long in mockery of Thee
Its stately honors stood.

But time will scathe the hardiest form,
And blight the fairest face,
Its trunk is shattered by the storm,
And fled its leafy race.

Then spare that one so sickly brown,
Oh! dash it not to earth,
The faithful leaf that stays to crown
The bough that gave it birth.

Thus monarchs flourish, thus they fall,
Thus some untimely hour,
Finds them bereft of wealth and all,
They e'er could boast of power.

Yet ah! how few that find the friend
Who basked in fortune's smile,
Still youthful linger to the end,
Though dark her frown the while.

Then spare the leaf thou bitter blast,
That decks you blighted bough,
Oh! spare it for it is the last,
That lingers on it now.

S.

Original Novel.

THE SOUTHERN WHIG;
A Romance of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD LOYALIST," "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

"Lithes! and I will tell you tyll
The bataile of Halidon Hyll."
Laurence Minot.

The country betwixt the waters of the Pacolet and Broad rivers in South Carolina is a level and beautiful plain, which, at the opening of the year 1781, was covered with an unbroken forest of tall firs, oaks and chesnuts. The absence of all underwood, and the enormous size of the trees gave to the woodland scenery of that district and epoch a character of singular beauty. In whatever position the spectator stood, vast vistas, opening on every side around him, and stretching away until lost in the shadowy distance, filled the mind with vague feelings of immensity; while the deep silence of the scene, broken only by the sound of the wind soughing among the branches, or the crackling of the fallen twigs beneath the footsteps, added not a little to these emotions. There was a solitude and wildness about that old forest which led the intruder to look up, at any strange sound, expecting to see the deer trot by; nor could the most unimaginative long gaze on the gigantic monarchs of the spot, towering high overhead, without carrying his mind back to the period when they were planted, before Raleigh settled on the Roanoke, before Columbus sailed out into the unknown sea, perhaps before the Goths had sacked imperial Rome. We have stood there ourselves in a later day, and gazing on these hoary denizens of the aboriginal world, thought, that if they had tongues, what mysteries might be revealed. Looking back over the centuries of their existence they could unravel the whole riddle of the past. They could inform us what mean the mounds around, bespeaking a nation prior to the red men; they could reveal the sad history of an unknown but civilized people, slaughtered by a savage foe; they could tell the retribution subsequently visited on the exterminators by the white man; and they could speak of the loves and hates, the hopes and despair, the wars, the arts, and the religions of those mighty races, one of which is fast fading from our midst, whilst the other depends for the very proofs of its existence on weapons and implements imbedded in the soil, like the fossils by which geologists unravel the secrets of the poikilitic era, and establish the being of a world, perhaps millions of years ago, where gigantic lizards swam the seas or haunted the shores as yet unfit for the support of man, or even beast.

It was the night of the 16th of January, 1781, and the clear, cold beams of the moon, struggling down betwixt the leafless branches, twinkled on the frosty twigs and silvered the dry sward, except here and there, where the dark shadows of the trees wrapped the earth in twilight gloom. The loveliness of the forest may be imagined when we say that the middle watch of the night was at hand. Suddenly, however, the silence was broken by heavy footsteps, and two figures emerged into a sort of open glade. As the light of the moon fell full on them it revealed an officer and private in the uniform of Colonel Washington's well known dragoons. The foremost, and obviously the superior in rank, was a young man of tall yet somewhat spare person, and a face at once frank and commanding, and sunburnt almost to a dark olive. His age might be about eight and twenty. He walked with a firm yet elastic step, and in every movement was a courtly grace that proved he had moved in other spheres than that of a light-horseman in the American woods. His companion was, in almost everything, a direct contrast to his superior. He was not more than five feet eight in height; but the breadth of his chest was enormous, and his other muscular developments in proportion. He walked with a clumsy, swaggering air, such as is often seen in sailors ashore. In years he numbered at least twenty summers more than his companion. His countenance was a singular compound of frankness, resolution, and conceit, and boasted an expression which at first puzzled the observer, but which was more like a settled dissatisfaction than anything else. As he emerged, after his leader, into the open glade, he raised his raccoon-skin cap from his shaggy head, and said,

"Now this is what I call comfortable,—for there's nothing like the cold air on a man's head when he's puzzled—and puzzled I am, for how *air* we to git out of this scrape, leftenant? I remember, when I was at Carthagene, hearing the admiral say you should never think of fighting without also thinking how to retreat. Now here's Cornwallis down somewhere near Turkey creek, while Tarleton is just behind us on the Pacolet, and will certainly overhaul the old waggoner to-morrow, unless he changes his mind, and shows himself a wise man by falling back beyond the Broad river, or taking a post in the hilly country. Now, to my notions—"

"Never mind your notions, Ephraim," said the officer laughing. "I've heard them a dozen times to-night, and its only a pity you were not a member of the council that you might harangue the General in person. Your wise saws and reminiscences might have some effect on him, perhaps. But we lose time. My purpose has been accomplished, and we will return to the camp."

"To be sure, obey orders," gruffly retorted the attendant, as if not quite pleased with the way in which his strictures had been received,—"and, if we *do* fight to-morrow, no man will lay it on to them rascally regulars and bloody minded tories harder than myself,—may the gallows have them all some of these days. But you see a man's no soldier, leftenant, unless he looks ahead; and, though I've no idea the enemy is going to whip us to-morrow, yet, just to do things judgmatical, I would like to know what the General expects to do if he *should* get worsted, or even have his retreat stopped by Tarleton. Cornwallis, you see, is down there nigh Turkey creek, not more than a sharp day's march off, and we're hemmed in, as you may see, like cats in a corner, and though it will make us fight like very devils, how"—and he scratched his head in his puzzle—"*air* we to get out? That's what I went to know."

How much longer the sorely troubled dragoon might have puzzled over the position of the army we cannot tell, but, at this instant, his master, who meantime had been walking briskly forward, followed at a few paces by the speaker, was accosted by the well-known cry of the sentry "who goes?" The exchange of the pass-word put a stop to the complaints and speculations of the follower, and in a few minutes the two soldiers were in the midst of the American encampment.

A warlike camp, pitched in the heart of a forest, is a picturesque sight. The fires, burning at stated intervals along the high arcades, and casting their flickering light around, now, as the blaze leaps up, revealing some hitherto gloomy recess, and now, with the subsidence of the flame, leaving the vistas in the darkness of midnight, give the picture a magical effect, which the pen cannot adequately describe. Through this wavering light may be seen the white tents, gleaming here and there among the trees, while the arms of the soldiery, stacked or borne by the sentries, flash in the ruddy illumination. Forms, dimly seen, are continually flitting to and fro; while the sound of voices, the neighing of horses, and the other various noises of a camp break momently on the ear. On the present occasion there was an unusual quiet around, for the troops, wearied with the day's march, and expecting a battle on the morrow, had lain down for a few hours repose, and were buried in sleep. Through this silent scene the Lieutenant passed until he reached the tent of the General, when, dismissing his attendant, he sought the presence of Morgan. As his object was merely to report the nature of the ground he had been sent to examine, we shall not follow him; but confine ourselves to stating that, after the interval of quarter of an hour, he reappeared, and seeking his own quarters, was soon lost in sleep.

Long before daylight, however, he, as well as the rest of the camp, was in active motion. In the dead of the night an express had come in with the intelligence that Tarleton had left his baggage behind him, and was pressing on by a forced march to overtake the continentals. The general heard the intelligence with an exulting spirit, for he longed to check the insolence of this fiery leader, and he deemed the present opportunity, when Tarleton's forces should be wearied by a night march, while his own men were refreshed by sleep, a fit occasion to match his scanty and undisciplined forces against the proud and numerous levies of the English leader. On the preceding evening the general had not failed to notice the looks of doubt and disapprobation on the faces of his officers, most of whom would have counselled a further retreat, and many of whom, brave as they were, regarded a conflict with Tarleton's overpowering force as madness. But now, as his subordinates gathered around him, his scarred countenance gleamed with sudden brightness, and he welcomed them in a tone of almost boyish exhilaration, and with words far different from his usual contentious speech.

"Good morning, gentlemen, good morning. I feel as gay as if going to a bridal, for we have this proud trooper in our power now, and this day's work will be talked of centuries after we have rotted in our graves. Nay, colonel," he said, turning jocularly to one of the officers, "your notions of regular warfare lead you to doubt, though you will fight none the less bravely for that, I am assured; but I know my men—the real yeomanry of South Carolina—and though many of them are but raw levies, they will fight until their last drop of blood is spilt in defence of their hearths and families. We shall not have the rout of Camden, take my word for it. The measure of our oppressors iniquity is full, pressed down and running over, and God will not much longer withold his retribution! I am not much given to prophecyings, but I foresee that ere another year our freedom will be acknowledged, and the consciousness of this makes my heart exult and assures me that the foe will, this day, be trodden down under our hoofs."

This strain of enthusiasm, so unusual in their commander, produced a momentary silence among his listeners, though it had a powerful effect. The general leaned his head on his hand for a minute or more, and when he looked up and spoke it was in his usual tone.

"No time, however, is to be lost, and we must make the best of what is certainly a very favorable position. Here we are," he continued, placing his finger on a rude pen and ink sketch of the immediately surrounding country, "between the head waters of these two creeks—Suck creek and Buck creek, I think they call them—with scarcely three hundred yards intervening. We shall take post over this ridge running, as you see, from one stream to the other. We shall thus be protected on both flanks, for the cane and small reeds which line these branches will render their passage almost, if not wholly impossible. You, colonel," and he turned to Pickens, "will form here, in advance, with the North and South Carolina militia." The colonel bowed. "You, Colonel Howard, will draw up the regulars here, say from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards in the rear of the militia. Colonels Thomas and Roebuck will place their regiments on the right of this road, leading from the Union District, in North Carolina; and Colonel Brandon will take post with his regiment on the left. Your men will stand the fire as long as possible, and then retreat orderly and form on the right of Colonel Howard. Col. Washington—your cavalry will take station in the rear, on the descent of the hill, and with you I shall reserve Major McCall's body of mounted Georgia militia. And now, gentlemen, let us all do our duty."

The bow of the commander intimated that the audience was now at an end, and the officers withdrew to execute his orders.

CHAPTER II.

"Then draw the trusty sword, my boys,
And fling the sheath away!"—*Song of '76.*

The bustle of preparation had just ceased, and the various regiments been arranged in their places, when the first beams of the morning sun, as that luminary rolled, vast and red, above the horizon, shot through the arcades of the forest. The disposition of General Morgan's little force was admirable; and the only variation in his plan, as given to his officers in the night, was the posting of a battalion of North Carolina volunteers under Major McDowell, and a battalion of Georgia volunteers under Major Cunningham, in advance of Colonel Pickens' line, on which, after delivering a single fire, they were to fall back, and take position in intervals left for them.

The lieutenant, or as we shall hereafter call him Arthur Somers, was at the head of his men, in Col. Washington's regiment of cavalry, behind the brow of the hill on which the regular troops, under Colonel Howard were drawn up. Our hero, however, had been ordered a few paces forward of his companions so that he could see over the top of the acclivity. Directly beneath and behind him was the general, mounted on a powerful horse, and surrounded by a group of detached officers, his vast size rendering him, however, pre-eminent over all. His usual plain bearing had now given way to a look of enthusiasm; though when he spoke it was still in the grave and condensed style for which he was remarkable.

We have said that the sun rose above the horizon just as the line of battle was formed, and almost at the same instant the advancing forces of the enemy were discovered through the open wood. Somers, from his position, was prevented from engaging in the first shock of the combat, but his veins burned with impatience, and when he saw the fusileers rapidly forming into line, preparatory to the attack, and with eagerness, as if conscious of victory, his blood boiled for the strife. At this instant an officer, whom Somers judged to be Tarleton himself, dashed to the head of the line, and waving his sword, called to the men to follow him. With a loud cheer they rushed forwards.

All who have been in battle know how the first sounds of martial onslaught "stir the heart," in the noble words of Sidney, "like the blast of a trumpet;" and when Somers beheld the solid mass of the foe advancing impetuously to the attack, and heard their loud huzza, ringing out cheerily in the frosty air, he longed to give the rein to his horse and charge into their midst. But calming his champing steed he looked eagerly at the scene in front.

With the first outburst of that shout had followed a second's dead silence, and every heart beat quicker during that thrilling pause. Then ensued a rapid, crashing volley, while over it rose up again the shout of the advancing foe. Still the front batalions stood their ground, silent and motionless, but firm as a rock. Again and again the rushing foes, now sweeping onward in one vast wave, poured in their vollies; until at length an incessant stream of fire blazed along their line. But the moment for which the battalions had been ordered to wait had now come, and, at the sharp, stern word of their two leaders, they discharged their muskets. For a moment, but only for a moment, the British fusileers wavered, then, perceiving that the advanced body of their enemies was retiring, they cheered again and rushed onward to the attack even more impetuously than before. Somers saw them as they pressed on over the fallen bodies of his countrymen, and he was forced to yield them his admiration, enemies though they were, for the compact front they presented and the enthusiasm with which they dashed forward; and when, in connexion with this, he noticed the density of their masses and the length of their line, which extended far to the right of the American, his heart almost desponded. But the gallant spectacle was visible only for a moment, for, dashing into the smoke which now enveloped the spot where the retreating battalions had stood, the British fusileers were lost to sight. Again, however, they reappeared, emerging from the fog, though it still clung around them in patches here and there; but now a deafening volley, followed by dropping shots, burst from the line of Col. Pickens, and the battle was begun in earnest. For a few seconds the rapid roll of the fire arms, the shouts of the advancing troops, and the hoarse orders of the officers rose in terrible tumult; during which both lines remained unbroken, that of Pickens awaiting the nearer approach of the foe, and that of the British advancing at a rapid pace, in a dark, compact mass, keeping up its ceaseless fire. Then the clouds of smoke, settling around the combatants, shrouded the scene from sight—though continually the white fog was lit with flashes of fire, like lightning blazing through a cloud. The banners of the contending parties floated, however, high above the conflict, those of the British torn and smoked with many a bloody victory. Now and then, too, a musket would gleam through the obscurity, or a figure emerge, for an instant, into sight. Suddenly the fire of the contending parties crashed out fiercer than ever: the smoke of battle swayed to and fro as if moved by two mighty hosts; and, after a breathless pause, the whole line of Pickens emerged from the fog, driven back before the resistless onslaught of the fusileers like leaves before a hurricane; while, almost at the same instant, the British infantry, with fixed bayonets, dashed out of the smoke in pursuit, presenting, in their dark, compact masses, their rapid but steady tramp, and the long line of steel glittering before their breasts, a splendid spectacle. Onward the dense line advanced, like some gigantic machine, and Somers trembled for the day, since the four hundred men commanded by Colonel Howard, were the only forces as yet unbroken, and did not in numbers reach more than half those of the victorious assailants. Little time, however, was left for thought. Already the routed troops, seeking shelter behind the second line, were passing the spot where he stood, and, as he was but a few paces in the rear of the regulars, the wave of battle now rolled in almost at his feet. The sight stirred him with even fiercer longings for the strife than any which he had yet felt. A hurried look at his companions behind him assured him that they were in the same excited state. But, glancing at Morgan, he was surprised to see him sitting as calmly on his horse, as on a review day, and though messengers were continually dashing up to him with intelligence, and he could see in the dismayed forces around him the evidences of approaching disaster, he did not, for an instant, lose his equanimity. His keen eye, it is true, ranged in every direction, and he waved back the retiring troops to form under cover of the cavalry.

Occupied in observing the calm demeanor of his general, Somers had suffered the first moments of the enemy's onslaught on the second line to pass unnoticed, although more than once he had heard the balls whistling by his ears. He now looked over the brow of the hill. Immediately under him was the regiment of Col. Howard, engaged in a deadly conflict with more than twice its numbers; for, from the increased masses of the enemy Somers saw that Tarleton had brought into action his reserves. Pressed by this overwhelming force the Continentals still stood their ground, until it was seen that the numbers of the British enabled them to outflank the Americans, a manœuvre which was now being executed on their right. This was, at the other side of the field from that where Somers stood, but he had no difficulty in detecting the advancing masses of the fusileers charging directly against the side of the Americans. His desperate situation was at once perceived by Col. Howard, who rushed to that portion of the line; but the companies in that direction were already falling back, and the front of the line was now for a minute, left unsupported. The moment was critical. The British, perceiving their advantage, shouted again and dashed up the hill, pouring in overwhelming masses on the few, devoted regulars who yet maintained their line; while on both flanks the forces were giving way in wild disorder. Deeming the day lost, Somers was about to draw his sword, and dashing on the foe, attempt to cut his way free, when he heard the voice of Morgan at his side. He looked up. The general was galloping up the hill, and crossing the brow was lost immediately in the confusion, but Somers recognised his voice, now unnaturally sharp and stern, over all the tumult.

"Fall back—fall back," he thundered, "the cavalry will support you—fall back, but orderly, over the brow of the hill."

With the words the Continentals came rushing down the declivity, their faces blackened with gunpowder and many of them covered with blood. Wheeling his horse sharp to the right, Somers plunged down the descent to avoid becoming entangled in their ranks; but was nearly borne down by a new irruption, consisting of a wild crowd of fugitives, mostly militia of the first line, who were rushing down the hill on the left, and shrieking as they fled, for, immediately behind them pressed a body of scarlet dragoons, riding and cutting down such of the disordered mass as had not been able to keep up with the frantic pace of their comrades. Already the fiery Tarleton, deeming the day won, had begun the work of carnage. Furious with the sight, Somers, disengaging himself from the confusion plunged his spurs into his steed, and with a few desperate leaps had passed the distance between him and his comrades. A single wave of his hand, as he threw his steed on his haunches, told the tale to his leader.

"Ay! ay!—the day's not lost yet," said Col. Washington, as if speaking to himself, while he watched the Continentals on his left, who now had halted at the command of their colonel, and were pouring in on the flushed and hitherto victorious enemy, an unexpected fire which staggered his advance, "ay! we'll have a good tale yet to tell of this day's work," and then noticing Somers for the first time, and beholding the carnage on the right, he changed his exulting tone for the stern, quick voice of command and shouted "ha! we will revenge the martyrs: form—trot—give them the cold steel only and no pistols," and raising his voice louder at every sentence, he thundered at the last "*charge!*" and with the word, they swept at full gallop towards the foe.

They only who have heard that stirring word, in the feverish excitement of battle, can have any idea of the frenzy with which Somers and his companions galloped on to the attack. Throughout the conflict they had been restrained at their posts by their high discipline, though their hearts leaped at every rattling volley or exulting shout of the foe. As their maimed and wounded comrades were borne by, and they heard the sufferers' agonising cries for water, their eagerness to share the conflict became almost beyond control; but when they saw the slaughter of the disarmed fugitives, and heard the cry for quarter disregarded, and even mocked at, their indignation grew intolerable. "Are we never to move?" was the constant question; and they even murmured in whispers against the apparent apathy of their leaders. But the crisis had now come, and, with one wild huzza each trooper, burying his spurs into the flanks of his steed, dashed on, and amid the clattering of scores of hoofs, the jingling of sabre sheaths, and the snorting of their fiery horses, burst into the enemy's cavalry, with the suddenness and terrific energy of a thunderbolt dropped from the sky, on a clear, sunny summer day. And, as ever in the charge, the impetuous Washington led on the van.

Carried away by the madness of the onslaught, Somers knew nothing of his progress, save that he had ridden over and cut down more than one British dragoon, until he found himself, with his comrades, on the outer edge of the enemy's cavalry, having gone through and through their phalanx, as a windfall through a forest.

"Wheel, my braves, and ride them down again." said Washington.

Wheeling short around, at the voice of their leader, they swept through the shattered mass once more, at every stroke hewing an enemy to the earth, until the blood dripped from the very sable hilt. The British quailed beneath the shock. Horse and rider, officer and men, they went down, until flight became their only safety. Pausing only a minute to see how the tide of battle went with the continentals, Washington waved his sabre in the air and exclaimed,

"The day is won. Howard is bearing back their infantry at the bayonet's point—let us revenge the fallen. Ha! yonder goes Tarleton. On—on, my gallants, and teach him how to vaunt again."

The fight now became a struggle for life and death. Fast fled the discomfited cavalry of England, and faster their pursuers thundered behind. In vain Tarleton exhorted his troopers to make a stand, nothing could allay the panic which had seized them. Every few rods some wounded dragoon fell from his saddle and rolled on the earth, but the victors swept over him, regardless of his presence; and if perchance the horse of a fugitive failed him the first pursuer clove him to the breast. After this fiery chase had continued for more than a mile, Washington and Somers found themselves far in advance of the main body of their supporters, the nearest trooper being the servant of the young lieutenant, while our hero was some yards behind his commander, whose superior steed enabled him to press close to the rear of the foe. Perceiving this, three of the enemy's officers, one of whom was Tarleton himself, suddenly detached themselves from the rest, wheeled and rushed at Washington. Somers saw it, and spurring his horse anew, reached his leader's side, just in time to disable the sword arm of one of the assailants, who was in the act of cutting Washington down. But he would still have fallen a victim from a blow aimed at him by the officer on the other side, while he was engaged with Tarleton in front, had not his servant, violating the orders in consideration of the imminency of the peril, shot the assailant with a pistol. Tarleton, meantime, had made a thrust at Washington which he parried, on which, perceiving the discomfiture of his assailant, he retreated, discharging his pistol as he fled. The ball missed its aim, but wounded the horse of Washington.

"Ha!" said he, looking around, "I owe you my life, Somers; but I heard a pistol on my left. The colonel, however, has wounded my gallant beast—I must only take one of his stud at the first opportunity." But seeing that the pursuit had, for a moment, been intermitted as his anxious followers gathered around him, he exclaimed.

"Who will give me another charger? Thank you, serjeant. Press on, my lads," and again the thronging masses of the American cavalry dashed forward at full speed.

But the momentary delay thus occasioned gave Tarleton a start which all the enthusiasm of the Americans failed to overcome, and, after pursuing him for some miles farther, and learning that he was already across the Pacolet, the chase was reluctantly given up. His brilliant cavalry, however, were almost totally destroyed. Stragglers were continually overtaken, and killed or made captives; and in a desperate encounter with one of them, towards the close of the pursuit, Somers was wounded in the sword arm. But his faithful attendant came up in time to hew the dragoon to the earth.

Thus was decided a contest on which hung the destiny of the southern army, and which broke the charm of invincibility that hitherto had encircled Tarleton. The route of the enemy's infantry was equally complete, for simultaneous with Washington's decisive charge, the retiring regulars under Col. Howard turned and faced their assailants, who were disordered with success, bearing them back with fixed bayonets. A few minutes decided the combat. Nearly the whole of the detachment laid down their arms.

About evening of that day Somers was summoned to the presence of the commander-in-chief, and, after a few complimentary remarks on his conduct in the charge, the general remarked.

"I have a necessity for a brave and discreet man to repair to a neighboring district, and there await secret orders, perhaps despatches, which I may send him. He may have to remain at this post a few days or a month. Your wound, by disabling you from service, has induced me to turn my eyes to you. I will give you a letter to Mrs. Staunton, the lady at whose mansion you will remain, and who is favorably affected to our cause. Your presence will tend to check any manifestations in the surrounding country against the Congress. We can illy spare a large escort, but you shall have one fitting to your rank."

"I only ask my follower."

"I have heard of him, a sturdy, honest, but captious fellow. He shot the assailant of the colonel this morning, I hear. Take him by all means."

A few secret directions followed, and then Somers took his leave. By daybreak on the ensuing morning, he was on his road.

CHAPTER III.

"Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in clear moonshine,
Silver, silver ever mounting."—*Lowell.*

It is time that we should give some account of our hero; and we will seize the occasion, while he is journeying to the mansion of Mrs. Staunton, to fulfil this task.

Arthur Somers was the only son of a wealthy southerner, who, prior to the revolution, had amassed a large fortune in the vicinity of Charleston. His family was among the oldest in the state, and traced its pedigree to a younger branch of one of England's noblest houses. While the young heir was yet a child, his father died, leaving him to the guardianship of an English relative, for the orphan was the last of his race in the colonies. To the mother country accordingly Somers was sent, and there he remained until he had taken his degree, and come into possession of his fortune. His first business now was to visit Carolina, where, placing his estates in competent hands, he formed a comprehensive scheme of travel. Naturally of an adventurous disposition, he resolved to leave the beaten road of tourists, and carry his researches into the then almost unexplored regions of Syria, Egypt and the steppes of Russia. In the fulfilment of this design, he spent a winter in France and Italy, making inquiries as to the best path to pursue, and examining at his leisure the curiosities of those countries. Thence he started to Greece, which he explored during the summer with all the ardor of youthful enthusiasm. By the time a year had elapsed, since his first setting out from Charleston, he felt himself prepared to enter seriously on his plan of travel. Fixing on Smyrna as the place where he should leave the civilized world, he repaired thither, and here met an individual who became his companion in his future travels. This person was no less than his present follower.

Ephraim Jones was born in one of the New England states, he knew not which, and cared as little. His father had owned a shallop on Long Island sound, and the first recollections of the boy were connected with this vessel. He may indeed have seen the light in the dirty cabin of this craft; but, be this as it may, all record of his exact age, as well as the place of his birth, was lost, when the sloop went ashore one night and all on board, except Eph, were drowned. He now fell into the hands of a fisherman, who gave him coarse fare and coarser treatment in requital for his assistance. With this individual he lived until he was about twelve, when he ran away and shipped as cabin boy on board a whaler bound to the Pacific. On his return he engaged as a man-of-war's man in the expedition under Admiral Vernon to Carthagenia. Not liking the service, he deserted and established himself among the hills of Carolina, where he lived the wild and irregular life of a borderer. He soon tired of this, and gradually worked back to the sea-coast. Here he entered as a hand on board a small coaster, and one day while lying in the harbor of Charleston, rescued a drowning child. This was his first introduction to our hero. Old Mr. Somers was grateful, and insisted on taking Eph into his service; but, after a year, he tired of this monotonous life, and asked leave to try his fortune elsewhere. The grateful parent assented, and proposed farming, offering to give him a little place, not far from the sea-coast, with a few slaves. Eph assented, but in three years he had run through the whole. He now disappeared, and all traces of him was lost until the young heir met him one day, penniless and friendless, in the streets of Smyrna. Though our hero had not seen him since childhood, there was no mistaking that peculiar face. Eph had been now for more than ten years a wanderer in the east, visiting China, the East Indies, Egypt, and even penetrating to Persia on the south, and Siberia on the north; one while acting as a sailor, then as a soldier, and again as a doer of all work; and during this roving career, he had passed through innumerable perils, and acquired a fund of information invaluable to one who, like Somers, intended travelling over nearly the same route. The peculiarities of Eph had increased with his adventures. He was now a perfect cosmopolite, but captious as ever. He was fond too of speculation, and, in a country village, would have made the orator and dictator of a bar room. But he was honest, faithful, brave, keen-sighted, and of ready tact. He remembered the benefits he had received from the elder Somers, and attached himself to the son as much from liking as from interest.

Six years passed away and Somers was still a wanderer. In that time he had learned much of mankind, and in part satiated his thirst for adventure. He had traversed the snowy steppes of Russia, had slept in the tents of the Bedouins, had gazed upon the royal splendors of Ispahan, had stood by moonlight amid the ruins of Thebes, had visited Palmyra, Balbac and Elephanta, had lived with the Tartars of the desert, and had even penetrated into the forbidden precincts of the celestial empire. At length, in an obscure city of the east, he heard of the battle of Bunker Hill. Although educated in England, his heart had ever continued with his country, and he determined immediately to return and offer her his sword. He struck for the sea-coast without delay and, repairing to the first port, sailed for America, accompanied by his follower. But when he arrived, after many delays, the war was at its height. He accepted a commission, and was soon in the foremost ranks of her defenders. From that time until the period when our tale begins, he had been an active and honored servant of his country; and through all the vicissitudes of war his cosmopolite follower had adhered to him.

The hour of noon was already past, on the second day after Somers left the camp, when he entered a road, winding down a wild and picturesque dell, through which flowed a quiet sheet of water. Eph's usual loquaciousness had at length been exhausted, and he now rode in silence a few paces behind his master. The path which they were following was one into which they had been directed from the more public road, as leading to the extensive grounds of Mrs. Staunton; but whether they had yet reached her estates or not, our travellers were uncertain. Their way led over a light sandy soil, which the thaw of the last twenty-four hours had rendered yielding to the hoof, so that they advanced noiselessly. On the right rose up a high bank covered with trees both on the sides and summit: on the left reposed the little river, here expanding into a mimic lake. Scarcely a noise was heard in this lovely retreat except when the wind sighed among the branches, or a twig shaken down from the overhanging trees, floated with a light touch to the water. The travellers had now approached a spot a few yards in advance of which the road took a sudden turn. Suddenly there rose on the stillness a low, sweet voice, which gradually acquiring depth and richness, swelled out into a tide of liquid melody. The tones were those of a female, who was concealed from sight by the bank at the turn of the road. Somers checked his steed, fearful that his presence might alarm the unseen singer, and turning his head, held up his finger to his follower, who obeyed and halted also. The song proceeded. Now it sunk into cadences so low as to be nearly undistinguishable, and now gradually swelling out, it rose higher and higher and higher, filling the rapt air until the atmosphere seemed to be transmuted into music, and the listener more than once looked up, expecting for the moment, to behold a singer in the sky. Again, quivering and sinking, like the lark's dying notes ere he floats to earth, it died into a strain of tender melancholy; then, suddenly springing up, it soared high and clear, with exulting gladness. Somers stood entranced, the pulses of his heart almost hushed at the pathos of the strain, or beating quick and high when it burst out into triumphant joy. An inexpressible curiosity to behold the singer seized him. Advancing cautiously a step and bending forward he was enabled to catch a sight of the musician's face through the trees. It was upturned, and glowing with enthusiasm, for she was now at the proudest portion of the strain; and, as Somers gazed on it, there seemed, to his heated imagination, a glory suffused around it, as around the countenances of pictured saints. Apart from this, however, the face was eminently beautiful, though he only noticed that the eyes were dark, and that her raven tresses, contrary to the fashion of the day, floated in picturesque masses over her shoulders and bosom. Forgetting himself, he uttered an exclamation of delight. The singer ceased suddenly, looked around with an inquiring air, and then turning to her horse, which hitherto Somers had not observed, sprung lightly on him, and giving him a sharp cut, dashed away at full speed, and with a fearlessness which elicited the admiration of Eph in a low, prolonged whistle.

"Corpo di Bacco!" said he, using for the nonce a Neapolitan oath, "she rides like a Bedouwen, to say nothing of her singing, which would make the grand Turk mad with delight."

"Really," said his master laughing, "you have become enthusiastic for once, and forgot to say how many you've seen ride better and sing more divinely."

Eph made no reply except by shrugging his shoulders, and his master, little disposed for conversation, put his horse in motion. But, by the time they turned the corner, the winding road had shut the lady from sight.

"How daringly she rode," soliloquized Somers, as, at every turn, he looked ahead, hoping to catch a glimpse of her fleeting form. "She must have little of her sex's timidity or she would not be out alone, especially in such troublous times as these. And yet perhaps these are private grounds. I wonder who she can be."

After proceeding for some distance they emerged from the glen, and entered a less secluded way. Enquiring at a log-hut by the road side, they were directed to a large and imposing mansion, about a mile distant, enclosed in a sort of park, and giving evidence, in its heavy front and aristocratic air, of the wealth and station of its possessor. A few minutes brought them to the door, when, leaving his follower behind, Somers was ushered into a rich and ample apartment, wainscotted to the ceiling and adorned with several excellent paintings. Sending up his letter of introduction by a liveried servant he sat down; but, after waiting some minutes without the appearance of any one, he rose to pass away his time in examining the pictures. He soon became deeply engaged in one of these, an indisputable Vandyke, and gradually gave himself up to the fascination of that master; for it is the peculiarity of this great painter especially, that, while his portraits, from their very fidelity to nature, attract little notice at first, they grow on you every moment, as one touch of genius after another becomes perceptible, until, at length, you are lost in admiration. So deeply was Somers engaged that he was not aroused until he heard a step behind him, when, turning suddenly around in some confusion, he beheld a lady, who had advanced from the door to the centre of the room, and there paused. She was attired in the formal fashion of the day, but even the enormous hoop and head dress could not conceal her ravishing beauty. Already on this day had Somers seen one woman whose loveliness he thought unsurpassable, and yet here was a second, of a different style of charms indeed, but of equal elegance. Was he in an enchanted palace? His surprise increased his embarrassment and took away his power of utterance. In this dilemma the lady was the first to speak. But what she said will be narrated in a fourth chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Magazines

FROM THE METROPOLITAN, FOR DECEMBER.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Would'st thou divine the maiden's love,
That ne'er has been confest,
Strive not by questionings to move
The silence of her breast;
For Love has many unsought ways
To make its secret known—
A side-long glance, a word of praise,
Bestow'd on thee alone.
If she, thee for another names,
Then sees the fond mistake;
While, o'er her cheek a thousand shames
In conscious blushes break.
She hurries to some idle theme
With well-assumed concern,
Be sure that thou art in her dreams,
And seek no more to learn.—
For prettily thy sense she'll cheat,
To hide the truth from thee;
While, luckless youth! there's no retreat
From the sweet witchery,
Bewild'ring thee in fond amaze,
A captive to the spell
That dwells in the enchanting gaze,
But exercis'd too well.
If she should start—then check surprise—
Or laugh, yet lacking mirth—
Then dart the lightnings of her eyes
Prone to the senseless earth—
Whenever thou approachest nigh,
Be sure that thou art dear;
And in her bosom lurks a sigh
Meant not for thee to hear.
Compel her not, then, to disclose
What shame would hide within.
'Tis rudely ravishing the rose
A gentler hand should win.
The fairest flow'r that ever grew
Soon loses its perfume
When gather'd—while expires each hue
Fond sunbeams kiss'd to bloom;
So Love, an exotic most rare,
Thrives in the virgin's breast—
In active beauty leave it there,
Its genial place of rest.
Let the soft veil of myst'ry still
Envelope the coy thought,
The first pure sparkle from the rill
Of passion's fountain caught,
Where Hope's bright iris tints appear,
Reflected in the ray
Of life's young morn, serenely clear,
Swiftly to pass away.
Then be content to let her eyes
Her heart's sweet secret tell,
For oh! they never can disguise
What's known there but too well!
Nor force her lips reluctantly
To syllable the sound
That in the glances of her eye
More truthful may be found.

FROM THE METROPOLITAN, FOR DECEMBER.

THE TWO POETS.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

The footsteps of a king once more echoed along the shores of Britain. There was an emulative eagerness which should express the most tumultuous joy—Cavalier or Roundhead—the one to manifest a no longer dangerous loyalty; the other to establish as safe a reputation. It was the twenty-ninth of May, and shout, and song, and revelry proclaimed, with their hundred tongues, that the king had come to his own again.

Surely time had never seen, the earth had never held, so loyal, so devoted a people! how ungrateful in a prince so long to absent himself—a wanderer, an outcast, and almost a beggar! but he is back again!—the graceful monarch, who never said a silly thing, has returned doubtless to do "many a wise one."

King Charles was in his presence chamber: knots of gay courtiers were gathered round him. All was brightness and splendor—the regal purple and the diadem: youth and beauty, and pomp, and pride of place. Smiles were on the king's mouth, cheerfulness on his brow: it seemed as if the bland lip were only made to smile, and the brow could never carry a frown: as if happiness had made her home in a court in spite of all that had been said about cottages.

There was a presentation—the blandest of the king's smiles gilded his lips—the loyal poet made his obeisance—he who had taught loyalty in song, and linked its soul to the fair spirit of poesy. Davenant bowed before the king, and the welcome of honeyed words was like the nectar and ambrosia of the gods, and the look of welcome like to a sunbeam.

The poet made a longer pause than the usage of the court licensed, Charles was repeating to him snatches of his own poetry—could self-love receive a sweeter adulation—a more fragrant incense? The monarch paused, but still Davenant went not. The royal lip had lapped the poet in a fairer elysium than even his own poetry could conjure, and beguiled by the graciousness of the monarch into a belief of his unlimited indulgence, he presumed to throw himself at his feet, and to prefer a supplication—it was for the life of one whom he had called *friend*.

Every vestige of grace and favor vanished from the face of the king whilst he listened to the faltering poet, who, though he saw the gathering clouds, persevered in his entreaties with energetic earnestness.

"Do we hear thee rightly?" exclaimed the king. "Art thou pleading for the kinsman of Bradshawe? —for the hireling of the regicides!"

"Sire," said the poet, "I presume to plead for him whom you are pleased thus to designate, because when loyalty dared hardly rear her head in your majesty's dominions, and they who remembered the name of a king placed their own lives in jeopardy, then he who now kneels at your feet, being accounted your servant, was numbered among the proscribed, and condemned to the death. It was this man who saved him, sire; we have now exchanged conditions, and I implore of a king what he asked of rebels. Shall it be? can it be? with less success?"

"They who love us," exclaimed the king, hastily and passionately, "could never ask us to spare the viper who has stung us!"

"But, sire, mercy is the prerogative of majesty."

"Thou art beside thyself, Davenant," said the king, in some measure resuming his good humor; "we know that thou art loyal to the core, and we love our poet's minstrelsy the better when the lays are jocund; so ask any thing of us but this, good fellow. We will charter thee a playhouse—thou shalt be poet laureate—only give up this whimsy, and let us see thee gleesome again."

"Should a man smile, sire, when the gallows cord was knotted round the neck of a friend?"

"Thou wilt jeopardize thine own love for us if we see thee loving our enemies better than ourselves."

"But, sire, the lion preys not on the slain, the warrior fights not with the fallen."

"Tut, man, mere poetry. The viper must not be left to sting again."

"But, sire, for the honor of this poesy, of letters, and of learning."

"Aye, though they be in a Roundhead's brain. Methinks, sir, those pleas had been as well forgotten altogether, since they bring to our remembrance the labors of a menial to regicides; he who [illegible] their sublime behests, clothed in the mock majesty of the language that belonged to the masters of the world—the Latin secretary to the most puissant parliament."

"But blind, and old, and fallen—"

"Judgments! judgments! in their own cant."

"And if so, sire, are not the judgments of Heaven enough?"

"Sir William Davenant," said Charles, assuming more of the king as he spoke with a decision that almost sent despair to the heart of the poet, yet not untempered with personal kindliness; "we think that in your wanderings and your travels in the service of a certain houseless prince, you have forgotten to keep your studies in pace with the times. If so, let us recommend to your perusal a certain work, entitled 'A Defence of the People of England, for Killing their King,' written by a man called Milton, and in those pages you shall find all that can be reasonably advanced in favor of this same Latin secretary, this clerk to the legitimate parliament—this servant of that incarnate evil, Oliver, old Noll. We beg pardon, since we speak to one who favors the regicide, it had been more courtly to have said the Lord Protector."

And Charles passed away from the kneeling poet, who, overcome with mortification, fell back into a recess, in the hope of escaping the unsympathising eyes that shone upon him as coldly as the stars on a frosty night.

But it was not in the nature of Charles to leave an old and faithful servant long in his disquiet. He took occasion to pass by where the poet stood hanging his head, sadly and moodily, and speaking with all his accustomed vivacity, said, "Cheer thee, man, cheer thee! think no more of these Roundhead knaves, but come and sup with us thyself to-night. We are bent on merry doings, and we will not be content without our poet. So cheer thee, man, and come gladsomely."

As the king had promised, so was that evening's wassail. We know that sorrow is infectious, but what contagion is so strong as a sovereign's gaiety! When a king smiles, who can choose but be doubtful. But his laugh—Oh, that is perfect inebriety!

Davenant had recovered his gaiety. He sang his own songs, and drank loyal toasts, until something like a poet's frenzy came over the poet's brain.

"This wine is liquid ruby," exclaimed the king. "By its brightness and its power, I vow that I scarcely know whether I am a true crowned king, or only a prince of vagabonds! I remember me, however, playing at hide and seek ('faith, and was it play?) through these broad lands that we now so right royally call ours, much in the fashion of a king of the gaberlunzies. Then were we right glad of the corner of a brown loaf and a draught from some neighboring stream, haply none of the clearest; and now, methinks, we are served on bended knee, and the wine flows like a cataract, and the board groans beneath its ponderous daintinesses and its lordly dishes. Here, thou Will Davenant, thou prince of rhymesters, thou heart of loyal poets, bite me my little finger, and let me feel whether I am awake or asleep."

"An we dream now, sire," said the poet, "then say I and pray I, may we never awaken!"

"And yet, we were not without our jovial days even in the land of our captivity," resumed the king. "The beggar may well laugh at the anxieties of the wealthy, who must needs always be fainting under the care of his bags. Good faith, we had no great trouble on that score—neither we nor our treasurer. He had a shameless sinecure. How we hate sinecures—of such a sort as that, at least. And now, it needs must that we confess ourselves, we will perforce own, that if our loyalty has a care, it is like the miser's care of his casket's. We are sorely troubled to keep our dignity. Here, when we would take some glee boldly by the hand, and break an idle jest or two, comes some formal ghost of our kingship, and frightens us from our purpose. In good truth, we are often tempted to let out a sigh for the care-for-nothing days of St. Germains."

"Your majesty's treasurer could best tell whether an empty or a full treasury were the easiest charge," said Davenant.

"Doubtless he would not be long pondering the question," resumed the king; "but methinks I have contracted a love of liberty in my travels. It seems to me as if those reckless days had a sweeter liberty than this pompous luxury. The bird that lifts its pinions to meet the sun is happier than his whilome mate, who receives its rays on the golden bars of a prison cage; and at this present I would rather be rambling through the dirty lanes and alleys of this heterogeneous city, and peeping into its unpractised nooks and privacies, than be dining under this right royal canopy."

"And why not indulge the fancy?" said Davenant. "Kings are not known in the dark, though poets and flatterers might swear that their light betrayed themselves; I would rather say that, if so, glowworm like, they can withdraw it at pleasure."

"Ay, well know we that," said the king. "We, who have donned fifty disguises in as many days, may scarcely be sure of any man's identity. Why, I can be countryman as well as king. Ask the Penderells whether, on an emergency, I am not 'hail fellow well met' with any loon; and for a waiting maid, I can mince it with the best of them. I see not why I might not steal an hour's short forgetfulness of the load of my princely dignity, since it is such a weight to carry. So now, Will Davenant, find me a cloak and a muffler, and come thou with me."

The king left the palace as an obscure individual, in company with Davenant. They walked on in silence after the precincts of the royal dwelling. The fresh air seemed to disperse some of the ambrosial fumes that had partially enfolded themselves round the royal brain, and Davenant, as a courtier, though himself a spoiled and petted poet, knew that it was as dangerous to obtrude on a king in his humors as to stir up a lion in his den.

They had thus walked on in silence for a considerable distance. The mood of the king seemed deepening from its usual apparently heedless gaiety into one of deeper, of sterner gloom.

"Davenant," he at length said, "I had an idle humor in me to see Smithfield once again."

"Sire," said Davenant, recoiling from the thought, "the place breathes of the executioner."

"So does Whitehall," replied the king.

The poet knew the dark feeling that was breathing itself over the mind of the king. He dared not pursue the train of his thoughts, and knew not how to divert them from their course. He remained silent.

"It breathes of the executioner sayest thou," resumed the king—"ay, of the executioner. And more—the very air is loaded with the taint of sedition and blasphemy, and the breath of regicides is on it. Ay, foul as are the hangman's hands, methinks they must this day be fouler, for are they not tenfold more polluted by the task of ministering to the flames the learned labors of thine immaculate friend, the immaculate secretary of the immaculate parliament! To slip the noose round the unhappy neck of some starving wretch, who, to satisfy his hunger, or even his brutal wants, has committed a petty theft, seems a task of purity not unworthy the white fingers of the ladye Justice herself, compared with the contamination of the touch of such polluted labors."

"Sire," said Davenant, with the deepest humility, "the unhappy man of whom you speak had no share in the martyr's death."

"How! no share, Davenant, sayest thou? Thou art strangely at fault man. Bradshawe and the rest of them—faugh! the very utterance of their names is poison to my lips. These men, I tell thee, killed King Charles's body, but this, thy friend, as thou callest him, their paid hireling, their tool, their minion, did more—he blackened his high repute! He tasked his own powers to the utmost, the greater that they are the greater be his shame, to murder his good name. Who in public estimation polluted the pure ermine of all my saintly father's conduct? [illegible] with his own foul slime, and held him up disguised in his own mind's deformity! I tell thee it was this man, for whom thou pleadest so passionately! The very air of this place has brought home upon us all this man's moral deformity. He who could sell the labors of his pen to justify to an astonished world the martyrdom of a king by the hands of the meanest scum of the earth—who, to excuse his sacrilegious murder, could blacken his purity in the eyes of his own subjects, and of foreign nations—tell me thyself, what doth this slave of slaves deserve?"

"Sire," said Davenant, "once more I seek not to justify, to extenuate—I cast myself on your hitherto unfailing kindness and mercy. This man is old—is infirm—is poor—is totally blind."

"He is old, sayest thou? why all men who live hope to be so. King Charles might have been old had wicked men allowed him. He is infirm—why he has studied too much: it had been better for the world as well as for himself had he spared his labors. He is poor—and who has been poorer than the monarch who talks with thee, Davenant? But he is blind too—aye, that is sad, but it was not wisely urged; rememberest thou not that when the graceless parliament chaffered for the services of this hireling scribe, how that the leech forewarned him if he undertook the mighty toil that blindness would be his inevitable portion, and rememberest thou not likewise the magnanimous reply, even of his willingness to incur the penalty. Shouldest not he, and thou, and all men, see the [illegible] of Heaven kept in this man's blindness."

"Once more," said Davenant.

"And once more," interrupted the king, "I have wrestled with thee rather than have denied thee. Thou sayest that thou owest thine own life to the intercession of this man, and thou art right in seeking to repay the debt; but I owe him a debt likewise, and I have the better power to requite him. For the sake of thine own tried loyalty, our patience hath not yet failed thee, but try it no more—we warn thee—if thou hast love for our person, or care for our service, strain it no farther. I tell thee, this man, this exculpator of regicides, this hireling of Bradshawe's, this murderer of my sainted father's honor, shall die as he deserves; else were I the most ungrateful son, and the most ungrateful monarch that ever degraded Christendom by his existence!"

Davenant remained silent. He was overawed by the stern temper of the king, and the more because it was so unusual, his present rigor being widely at variance with his usual heedless gaiety of temper. He walked on in silence, almost in despair, for Davenant had nearly at heart the deliverance of his brother poet. He silently proceeded, and as they passed away from the scene of many a saint's, as well as many a sinner's death, the kinder nature of the king seemed to resume its wonted empire, and the dark thoughts of his stronger mood to pass away.

"Whither art thou leading, Davenant?" said Charles; "time was when we could have threaded these labyrinths, but now our memory faileth, or we are beyond even our forgotten knowledge."

The poet hesitated—it was too dark to see the embarrassment of his countenance but the embarrassment of his manner was evident.

The king's returning cheerfulness rose almost into gaiety. "Now, Davenant, thou art in the very court of love, and we are thy judge. I would swear, if a judge could be a witness, that thou art near some goddess of thy divinity. Nay, never deny it man—we noted thy hesitating step turning hither and thither, but still returning to one point. Thrice didst thou lead away and as often retrace the distance. Ah, these were not the doubts of a wanderer, who had lost his way, but the irresolution of a man hesitating to tread a well known path. Now own the truth, master poet, thou wert dubious whether thou shouldst come hither thyself because we were thy comrade."

"Sire," said the poet, "that I am fluctuating, doubting, fearing, in uncertainty, in suspense, in grief, I could not if I would hide from your penetration. That there tarrieth near where we stand a maiden for whom my heart acheth I will not gainsay, and I cannot even deny your second surmise."

"Oh, we are learned in such matters," said the king, mirthfully, "we think none the worse of thy taste for admiring bright eyes—we have studied astronomy that way ourselves overwhile. But now Davenant we will look upon this magnet of thine and see whether she be worthy of being a poet's mistress."

"Your majesty is pleased to jest," said Davenant.

"We do it every day," replied Charles, "it is the most agreeable way of being in earnest."

"But, sir, you will repent you—"

"All good Christians have daily need to do so. And yet tell us the why and the wherefore in this especial case?"

"None dwell in yon house but roundhead knaves."

"Pshaw! the thing is a game by fashion, who remembers it now. Some cosmetic to make the hair grow into Cavalier curls would prove a fortune to the proprietor, so much do men dread being behind the mode, and for the girl, if she be a heretic we will convert her. In our hearts we have no objection to a puritan, provided she be pretty."

"But, sir, I shall incur your displeasure."

"We have guaranteed thee an immunity, so on, master poet, on!"

One solitary light was gleaming in a narrow chamber: let us see what its rays fell upon. We pause not to dwell upon the condition of that lonely tenement, the luxuries of life made no part of its garniture. Necessity seemed to have been cared for because it was necessary but nothing beyond it. The graces never entered in any shape or in anywise that lonely house in Bartholomew Close.

But we said that we would tell on what the rays of that solitary light were falling; even on the broad majestic brow of a blind old man, and on the smooth forehead of a fair young girl.

They were sitting on either side of a narrow table. The finely chiselled profile of the poet, for such he was, was raised as if in contemplation, and it was not a first glance that could have detected that those blue orbs no more conveyed pictures of external images to the inward mind. The brow was indented with many a careworn furrowing, and the white locks clustered round a head noble in all its developements.

And the poet's daughter—soft, timid, sweetly feminine: her hair, such as had been her father's in his youth, of the softest tint of the palest brown, parted over the brow, fell flowingly over her shoulders. Sorrow had not yet had time to indent on that gentle countenance its ineffaceable lines. Truly we might think it was the soft, the timid, the sensitive, who pass through the hour of fiery trial more scathelessly than the higher minded, as the valley feels less of the storm than the mountain summit. However it may be, the daughter of the poet seemed shadowed rather than crushed by the sorrow to which she was submitting.

The sightless eyes of the poet were upturned, as if waiting to receive some higher inspiration. The long thin white fingers were clasped together, and their occasional convulsive motion bore touching witness to the internal emotions of the mind. The once fair complexion was now pale and cadaverous. The daughter's face was inclined over a ponderous volume, which she was evidently reading to her sightless parent. There was something indescribably melting in the scene of that quiet and solitary chamber. The majesty of the blind old man—the timid delicacy and grace of the girl.

"Read on—read on," said the old man, and the soft voice of the girl responded—

"Lucifer primo cum sidere, frigida rura
Carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba est."

"Shall I never teach thee rightly to pronounce the Latin tongue?" said the poet somewhat reproachfully. "Turn thee to the Greek, thou art better at that."

And the timid girl turned from the Latin poet, and commenced reading an original Homer in the softest voice and gentlest intonation. A modern Blue might have envied the poet's daughter, for she read with equal fluency in four or five languages. The envy would be shortlived were we to tell that the maiden understood but one, and that her mother tongue; and that her credible labors often lasted five or six hours in the day. Hear this, modern ladies and modern daughters! For ourselves we can hardly imagine a more intense self immolation, a more wearying martyrdom. In the best hours of summer and of youth to be poring over words that conveyed neither meaning to the mind, nor sentiment to the heart; and yet it was thus that the poet's daughter supplied the unspeakable loss of her father's sight, and beguiled, as far as might be, the hours of his sickness and confinement.

The girl read on, and for a while the thoughts of the modern were fastened on the ancient poet; but gradually, as it seemed, they turned upon his own bereavement. The daughter felt herself unheeded, and, as she was wont on such occasions, suffered her voice to sink into silence. The gentle tones faded into a murmur, and finally fell into perfect stillness, unnoticed by the poet, [illegible] wounded feelings were engendering thoughts that broke into a gradual expression, first disjointedly, almost inarticulately, but progressively assuming coherency, and power, and energy. There sat he, half reclining in his chair, his blue eyes raised, his white hair flowing, his thin hands clasped, and all his feelings and faculties the while gushing into a sense of his own vast affliction, shaped themselves into words—those words mingled with the [illegible] of his soul and genius, and then bore the [illegible] involuntarily. As he thus sat, the daughter, who shared and softened his misfortunes, looked on him then hiding from his enemies, afflicted both of God and man, in momentary danger of a prison that should be the portal of death; and as the unravelling complaint shaped itself into the majestic numbers of sacred poesy, the tears coursed each other down her fair and gentle countenance until they fell upon the dead-letter verse which it had been her task to suggest without comprehending. Perhaps the most touching part of the daughter's grief was, that it was limited to perfect silence. Not a sob was permitted to wound the parent's ear, while in the plenitude of the afflicted poet not a murmur mingled itself against the cruelty of man: he sorrowed only under the visitations of

Heaven, and these the words that broke through the grief of the monarch's soul.

—Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

The words died away [illegible] a [illegible]. The old man [illegible] a slight quiver passed over the poet's lip, but he moved not. [illegible] gathered himself into the stern and dignified republican. They were no longer alone: from the dark embrasure of the room two figures emerged, shrouded in long cloaks and closely muffled. No wonder if to the eyes of the young and to the ears of the old they seemed as spectres.

"Thou hast deceived us, Davenant!" exclaimed the king, for our reader will have recognised the intruders; "thou hast deceived us, Davenant!"

Davenant threw himself at the feet of the monarch.

"And thou art Milton!" exclaimed the king, as he turned to the poet.

The immortal poet, immortal though blind and old, infirm and contemned with disease, and possibly on the very confines of the grave, rose from his seat at the interjection of the king. "Even so; and who then art thou?"

"The son of a murdered monarch! I am King Charles!"

The poet and the king confronted each other. The eye of the monarch rested fixedly upon the old man, as if to penetrate his thoughts, and even his soul; but he felt that it was beyond his comprehension. On the other hand, the sightless orbs of the poet seemed distended with intense desire to look upon the king. Ah, what must be the longing of the blind to gather in the glorious rays of the sun, and behold what it shines upon! But in vain was the pretended vision. "Alas, that I could see thee!" burst from the lips of the old man.

"Oh, most gracious sovereign," murmured Davenant, "thou canst see, and dost not this night enter into thy soul? and will not our king have mercy?"

And Charles felt on his other hand the gentle fearful pressure of a lip mingled with showers of woman's tears, and a voice broken by sobs, hesitation through fear and grief, murmuring in heart-touching accents, "Mercy! mercy!"

Not even a sense of justice to a martyred father's memory could longer enable Charles to steel himself against the kindlier impulses of his nature. He stooped to raise the suppliant girl. "Nay, not to us, fair one, not to us. We were less than men to suffer this. What! wilt thou not rise? nay then, perforce"—and the king lifted her from the floor with gentle violence, and led her to her seat: she sat not, however, but with clasped hands, and eyes of beseeching earnestness, still seemed to implore him.

"Nay, we must deny thee," said Charles; "we must deny thee, though those entreating eyes might melt us into giving thee a kingdom. But it shall never be said that the son forgave the direst enemy of his father because a woman's eyes, a woman's lips, a woman's tears besought him. Ask of us some other thing, poor girl, and we will give as a monarch should, with open hand. For thee, old man——"

"Sire," humbly, fearfully, and rapidly interposed Davenant, who trembled for the coming sentence, "Sire, pardon me; but remember what mercy is their portion, however black their sins, who have looked on a king's face."

"Ay," hastily flashed from the king, unable even then to control a witticism; "but hath he seen our face, Master Poet?"

Davenant was silent, for he saw there was more mercy in the king's mirth than in his sadness.

Once more the king resumed his dignity. "Old man," he said, "not that a woman weeps, or because we have been tricked into thy presence, to found a claim upon our grace—not for these things do we extend our mercy towards thee; but because the hand of Heaven is on thee, and the jurisdiction of an earthly king may never cross the judgment of the King of kings. The [illegible] hath this day committed thy [illegible] work to the flames. We leave thee henceforth the memory of the past—be that thy punishment."

"My pride!" said the poet, but the words were drowned in Davenant's tumultuous joy and gratitude; and the daughter was once more at his feet, bedewing them with grateful tears.

And thus cometh our tale to an end. The king returned to his palace, and in its festivities forgot everything beyond it. The daughter of the poet after awhile did a very commonplace thing in a commonplace manner—she got married: and Milton, old and blind, infirm and decaying, retired into privacy, from all the cares and tumults of men, who quarrel for toys, though those toys be nations: and he was repaid for the privation of all earthly things by an enlarging treasury of intellect, and an expansion of soul, the bale of which hath secured to him undying fame. In other men too often the years of prime are the years of youth, and when we look for the fruit we find only the withered blossoms, and the seared and yellow leaf; but in Milton the autumn of his days bore the rich harvest of which he garnered up the treasures, and left as a rich legacy to posterity, in the pages of *Paradise Lost*.

Original Sketch.

MY COUSIN ELLEN.

A New Year's Sketch.

BY GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

Uncork that bottle, Jim!—or knock off its neck!—and let us be merry these Christmas times—kick care, and the teetotallers to the dogs—hang the fellows, they are always on stilts, *talking* morality, and making themselves as miserable as possible. Ah! this is rare! Off with your glass man, it is nothing more than *cider*—so say the abstinence people and we'll take them at *their word*—although it has a delicious sparkle. You should see Oliver Oldfellow among the vessels, with his long necked glass, and a lip that should have been wedded to one; he makes your pale consumptive-looking water-drinkers feel like the fox that had his tail nipped off in a steel-trap. He says to them, "gentlemen, this may all be very elegant and fashionable, but you have quite a distressed and uneasy look."

"Jerry, how is your brother, who joined the society a year or two ago."

"A mistake, Oliver, he never joined—but a New Year's party among some medical students cured him forever of drinking wine, particularly *his own*. The scamps not only spoiled the looks of a gallon of *his best*, but made sad havoc with his wife's new turkey carpet—so the wine was *banished*, and very properly too, it strikes me, unless he can teach his guests better how to use it. *For the rest*,—he has excellent *spirits*, and an uncommon appetite, and it is said, he still goes his whiskey punches in a *private way*. This last, I am bound to believe a slander, as I never tasted any of them."

"Well, Jerry, these medical students are sad dogs, it is true!—but then my cousin Bob was one of them—and I am indebted to him for Ellen. I will tell you how it happened. I went down to the Hall on a 'non-resistance' excursion with him during the summer vacation. Never having seen Ellen, and being young and susceptible, I was soon 'over head and ears.' What with hunting birds nests in the woods with her, sketching together, and gazing on the *same moon*, over her shoulder, from beneath the old willow tree in front of the door—I was fixed, although a mere boy. You've heard of the 'non-resistance club!'"

"No."

"Well, it was a sort of *free-mason order*, into the secrets of which, each was admitted *upon honor*. The initiated were bound to obey the rules, which were simply, that no resistance should be made to any scheme of devilment devised by the majority—and many a high caper they cut I assure you. The fact, which they enacted upon me, was, to tie me hand and foot together, bundle me into Bob's wagon, at vacation, and thus send me prisoner to the Hall. The figure I made you may imagine—but as it created a good deal of merriment, I was perhaps better acquainted with Cousin Ellen in five minutes, than I should otherwise have been in a week. I have seen a good deal of the world since, but I doubt whether I have ever learned more, in the same space of time, than I did in half an hour after I was carried bodily into the Hall.

———

"It is a bad thing this romance by moonlight, under the willows on a summer eve, particularly if there is a liquid blue eye in question, up-gazing into the stern and soul-subduing blank. Never be caught putting your arm around a blue-eyed damsel of a moonlight night, and whispering soft and sentimental nonsense into her ear. You may stand a flirtation with a Houri—a dark-eyed beauty of the Prophet—bless his beard!—but those blue eyes—they play the very deuce with a man of sentiment. I speak from experience in this matter, and I know, that a blue-eye, will do more to lure away a heart, than an oily tongue."

She was a beautiful girl of about sixteen summers, with a laughing, yet mischievous blue eye, and a step so light, that you might fancy a fairy was moving before you. Her chesnut hair was thrown in loose curls over her shoulders, which were finely rounded, and so slightly bared, as to disclose a bust swelling up to the fullness and freshness of womanhood. There was an arch expression in her countenance, as the smile blazed her cheeks, and tossed the rich curls playfully around her head—and a conscious pride in her step, as she bounded along over the green sward, like a young fawn at play. I shall never forget the cast of my uncle's eye, as he tapped me on the shoulder and said, "What do you think of Ellen, Oliver?"

"Why, uncle, what a queer question? What do I think of Ellen?"

"Yes, boy! what do you think of Ellen? Do you never *think* of her? Lord! what is the matter with the boy! Your face looks like a full moon in harvest. What's the use of blushing like a little ninny? Don't you tell me what you think of her?"

"Why—you—uncle, I [illegible] tell you, but you ask such strange questions. I think cousin Ellen is a very nice girl."

"Ah! you think she is a very nice girl, do? 'Pon my word, that's a good joke. But what makes you so silent when you are together. I hope you are not offended at each other?"

"Offended at each other? *I* offended at Ellen! Why uncle, what could have put that into your head? I hope I haven't looked as if I was angry?"

"Oh! no, Oliver, you didn't exactly *look* so, but then you are so very still. But I see how it is, you had rather be alone. I shall return to the house, and take a whiff or two of tobacco. I don't feel well after supper. But don't wander too far, children! The moon is just peeping over the hill, and as the dew falls the grass will become damper. You may take a stroll down by the woods yonder, but don't remain out long."

My cousin had turned her face toward us as her father left me to return to the house, and now stood like a startled fawn, trembling as I approached. I could see the blood shooting up from her snowy bosom as I advanced, and perceived a slight compression of her lips and a tremor in her frame as I laid my hand on her arm, which was partly bare. My own breast thrilled with conflicting emotions, as I was thus left alone with the sweet little cousin, into whose eyes I had so often gazed with unutterable emotions, and I felt a strange fluttering at my heart, as I placed her arm in mine and led her down the grassy hill."

"Oliver," said she sweetly, "do you see the moon peeping through the foliage of the trees that skirt the wood afar off, over the hill? See how she sails along amid the fleecy clouds! Have you never wondered whether that is really a world like ours?"

"Yes, Ellen, I think I have, but then I scarcely think I should like the inhabitants as well as I do our own for all."

"And why, cousin?"

"You could not be there, Ellen."

"Fie, Oliver, don't talk so. I like to wander out of a moonlight eve, to talk with one I—I—respect, and to commune with such an one upon the glories of an evening sky. How rich every thing around us seems. Away off in the west there, the clouds hang like golden curtains, and those fleecy gauze-like ones, away up in the heavens, look like silver sails, floating along in the deep blue expanse of Heaven. Isn't it strange that we should be such thankless, thoughtless creatures? after all that God has done for us, to render this world of ours a beautiful and happy place to dwell in."

"True, Ellen! I have frequently given way to the same train of thought, which you indulge in just now; and as I have gazed upon the distant hill top, laved in the rich and mellow light of the setting sun, and listened to the faint chirp of the evening birds, as a hush seemed to come over nature; deep and strong thoughts arose within me, and the soul, like an imprisoned bird, seemed to pant for freedom, and long to be away to the home far above the blue sky."

"I am glad, cousin; but hush—what is that rustling in the hedge? 'Tis but a bird started from its covert. Hark at the distant notes of poor 'Bob White' from yonder brake! He is calling to his mate. Hark to the answer from yonder meadow!"

"Ellen, let us take a stroll down by yonder old oak, I never see one but I am reminded of Morris's song, and involuntarily ejaculate, 'Let that Old Oak Stand.'"

"You are growing sentimental, cousin! But how damp the air grows as we descend into the valley. Wrap this loose shawl closer around me! What a deep green the grass assumes as the shadows thicken around us!—and how the vapor rises from the meadow. But see, there comes the moon! We will sit down and watch her,—pale mistress of the sky! See how the stars come out one by one, in the deep blue Heaven—and that faint line of light along the horizon, how it melts into gloom!"

"How happy it makes me, cousin, to hear you talk so. Now I should like always to be with you, that we might gaze upon the sky together, and drink in happiness, as the bee gathers sweets, from the beauties of nature."

"But, Oliver, you will stay with us all the summer months, and we will take our rambles together down by this old oak, and I will sing to you your favorite song: and I am sure that for my sake, 'the woodman will spare this tree.'"

"Yes! but Ellen, then comes the long session at College, and I shall be away—far away from you—and you will forget that we ever loved to be together, and took our strolls by moonlight, in preference to all other company."

"Why, Oliver! you don't think that I could forget *you?*"

"And why not, cousin!"

"Why!—why—I hardly know."

"You don't know! Then you have no regard for me? You don't *love* me!"

"Oliver, how can you talk so! But—don't—Oliver!"

"Why not, dearest! Will you love me when I'm gone?"

"Love you!"

"Yes! will you?"

She leaned her head heavily upon my arm, and I brushed away the chesnut curls from her fair forehead and kissed the tears away, as they chased each other rapidly over her crimson cheek. I shall never forget it, Jerry! Nor how my uncle affected to scold at our prolonged ramble and—and.

"*And*, you made her Mrs. Oldfellow. Egad! I knew she loved kisses from the very cut of her eye. Here's a bumper to her and the children."

"Ah, Jerry, you're a connoisseur in such matters, I see! I knew you were a rare fellow at such business, ever since I learned how you stole away the heart of your sweet little cousin, with oily stories about buffalo hunts beyond the Rocky Mountains. I wouldn't trust you, old as you are, alone with a blue-eyed lassie. You've such a lip for kissing!"

"Come, Oliver, none of that, 'an' ye love me.'"

NAPOLEON A PROPHET.

The Boston Transcript recalls a passage from O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," which may put Napoleon Bonaparte in the light of a seer, one of these days. It is worth reading, just now:

"If," said Napoleon, alluding to Lord Amherst's embassy to China, "I had sent an ambassador to China, I should have ordered him to make himself acquainted with the ceremonies performed before the Emperor by the first mandarins, and, if required, to do the same himself. Now, perhaps, you will lose the friendship of the Chinese nation and great commercial advantages through this piece of nonsense." "I said," adds O'Meara, "that we could easily compel the Chinese to grant good terms by means of a few ships of war; that, for example, we could deprive them altogether of salt by a few cruisers properly stationed." Napoleon replied, "It would be the worst thing you have done for a number of years, to go to a war with an immense empire like China, and possessing so many resources. You would, doubtless, at first succeed, take what vessels they have, and destroy their trade and cities; but you would soon teach them their own strength. They would be compelled to adopt measures to defend themselves against you. They would consider, and say, we must try to make ourselves equal to this nation. Why should we suffer a people so far away, to do as they please with us? We must build ships, we must put guns in them, we must render ourselves equal to them. They would," continued the Emperor, "get artificers and ship-builders from France and America, and even London; they would build a fleet, and, in the course of time, defeat you."

NAVAL LAW.

The following are the articles of the Naval Law of the United States in reference to mutiny on board of *men-of-war*.

ARTICLE 24—LAW OF 1799.—*Mutiny and Sedition.*—Any officer, seaman, marine, or other person, who shall disobey the orders of his superior, or begin, excite, cause, or join in, any mutiny or sedition in the ship to which he belongs, or in any other ship or vessel in the service of the United States, on any pretence whatsoever, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as a court martial shall direct; and further, any person, in any ship or vessel belonging to the service aforesaid, who shall utter any words of sedition or mutiny, or endeavor to make any mutinous assembly, on any pretence whatsoever, shall suffer such punishment as a court martial shall inflict.

ARTICLE 13—LAW OF 1800.—If any person in the Navy shall make, or attempt to make, any mutinous assembly, he shall, on conviction thereof by a court martial, suffer death; and if any person aforesaid shall utter any seditious or mutinous words, or shall conceal and connive at any mutinous or seditious practices, or shall treat with contempt his superior, being in the execution of his office; or being witness to any mutiny or sedition, shall not do his utmost to suppress it, he shall be punished at the discretion of a court martial.

ARTICLE 14.—No officer or private in the Navy shall disobey the lawful orders of his superior officer, or strike him, or draw, or offer to draw, or raise, any weapon against him, while in the execution of the duties of his office, on pain of death, or such other punishment as a court martial shall inflict.

☞ The steamer Britannia, brought nearly half a million of dollars.

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OUR WEEKLY CHAT.

Our first—and it is ever a pleasant duty—is to remember to-day, the compliments of the season. The calendar of 1842, is nearly complete, and before another number of the Post is issued, we shall have entered upon a New Year. It is a season at which one cannot avoid reviewing the past. To some of us the retrospect will be pleasant—to others painful. Some will look back upon friends departed, or hopes disappointed—others will glance back at changes introducing new prosperity and happiness—and all now turn to the New Year, anxious with hope or tinged with distrust of the future. Such occupation of the mind is natural, if not inevitable to every thinking being; but those who recognise a Directory Power may review the past without complaint if their lots have been painful—without over elation if they have been happy.

Not merely because it is a custom—but because we are sincere in the sentiment, we wish our readers and friends a HAPPY NEW YEAR. There is no sentence in the language which can express more than this—and none that would express less, would suit our earnest desire and wish. Long may the agreeable relation between us be kept up—and many returns may we have of the season of congratulation.

Our city friends have welcomed the New Year with all possible hilarity and cheerfulness. The closing holidays of 1842, have been observed with a general unanimity and cheerfulness, which has given the city a truly pleasant aspect. The mildness of the weather, unusual at this season, with the dryness of the pavements and the absence of any objection to promenading, made Chesnut street with a continual throng of pedestrians, on Saturday and Monday last.

Business will probably receive an impulse next year, from the close of the Chinese War. Intelligence has been received that the Chinese have come to terms with the "outside barbarians." They agree to pay $21,000,000—to cede Hong Kong to the British, to open four ports beside Canton to the British trade, and to comply with all these terms within four years. The only point of etiquette insisted upon was that her Majesty of England, should sign the treaty before the Chinese Emperor. In India, also, the British arms have been victorious. Akbar Khan is a fugitive; his adherents have been routed, and the British flag waves again over the Bala Hissar, or the capital of Affghanistan. The captives are by this time all or nearly all recovered. The British Government, after the complete conquest of Affghanistan, now so nearly consummated, propose to withdraw their forces, and leave the mountaineers to themselves.

The other intelligence, brought by the Britannia steamer, is of little moment. In view of these successes, the hopes of the British manufacturers were reviving, and should their expectations be justified by the future, this country cannot but experience a sympathetic improvement.

A NOD TO WEEKLIES AND MONTHLIES.

Good morning to you Gentlemen Weeklies!—Lady Monthlies, and Lady and Gentleman Monthlies!—nondescript term, when a salutation is to be made. One scarcely knows whether to bow, or tip his hat. A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL! How are you personally, and—subscription lists? "How are ye." Bless your souls, never better, pocket wise, and personally we feel as fat as seven Christmas turkies, and in *propria persona*, have a right to be merry. Every thing has gone on swimmingly with us, during the past year, and in all the competition, we have like the knight of old, carried our white plume in the front and thickest of the fight, battling right and left, our blood mounting higher as the fray has become hotter, until we have fairly won the day, and now go skimming along on the verge of 1843, like a sea-gull on the wind. We have been a little *coquettish* and we are liked the better for it. We have a dashing, daring way of carrying things, that people like, as much as they detest your dry, prosy, stereotype, way of getting on. Our friends know we have never been much of a lover of gain, for its sake, and that we would rather at any time give a rival a sound trouncing, than make a hundred dollars. We like the excitement of the thing, and hope to be kept busy on them, as we should now hate your piping time of peace. *What are we to have next, to thrash? Is there nothing new in our way to be started soon?* Our soul wearies of leisure, and pants for battle.

Ah! here is our modest little friend the "Courier." We cannot help seeing *him* as he bobs his head in our face with his big sign, the moment we open our eye—an editor has but one—in the *morning*. We are glad he is so near, if its only to hear his good hearty laugh, which rings out on a clear morning like the State House bell. Faith, but he's as shy as a young lady, who has just been brought out, and we would have him *come over* oftener, for we believe he's made of the right metal if we *could* only bring out the *sound*.

We must take our *new* friend, the "Museum," by the hand—in no patronising way either—but give him a good *grip* and a God speed. We say *new* friend, although he claims to be *old*, but we rule that out in a lawyer like fashion, as the time appears to have been "before the memory of man." We like him in his new dress—albeit, a little too large for his shanks, but then he is young yet, and must grow older, and we hope fatter. There is a hearty freshness in the sound of welcome of his young voice which we hope time will not impair.

The "Messenger" too, who is always by some fatality "ahead"—once we believe "TWO weeks in advance of all the *weeklies*"—we like his dare-devil, cut-and-thrust style of getting on, although at times filled with a strong desire to crack whip and away, giving him a race after his own fashion. But milder and gentler thoughts come over us, and then we love him for his sins, and a doubt after all whether the chase would be profitable, overcomes all desire to fashion after the catch-me-if-you-can cut of his jib.

Then there is the weekly *to be*—the phantom of our friend Swain's brain—ever busy—with "expresses," "extras," and a whole squadron of mounted "reporters," with the *Ledger* on their buttons as livery—a jack a lantern sort of craft that goes spinning about—in fancy of course—in all the post towns, with the appetite of an Anaconda, but without the capacity of stomach to swallow *every body*. Well, we hope to live to see it yet, and think we shall *survive* it.

There too are our jolly friends of 101, with a variety of nice things, and pictures to match. Foremost in the list comes the "Lady's Book," with a gentle lady-like air, though occasionally with the marks of having been *out* for some time, yet always with a well-fitting dress and appointments. We like its publisher better than we dare tell him, although in our way we have elbowed each other on the high road to fame, but having beaten the path a little *wider*, we get on snugly together like a pair of ponies in harness. We do not say that one or the other is not occasionally a little hard on the bit; but altogether the team is very well matched, and the *time* at the top of the turf, a little inside of 2.32. He deserved something better of us than he got last week, and we frankly say that his book was a splendid affair for the New Year.

We have not yet seen our friend Mac in his new saddle, but as he is a bold rider, we have hopes of him. He has "a clear field and much favor," and although he may find use for the short sword spoken of by our N. Y. friend, it may be well not to *flourish* it. This blowing of trumpets is not half so effective on the enemy, as the cold shot.

The "Young People's" we believe has *become* of the feminine gender, and taken too sociably with Miss Leslie. We hope the "cards" sent out will be generally responded to, and that the table will be full, without being compelled to draw upon near relatives. We acknowledge *ours*, but are "engaged for the next set" with a cousin of ours, who has tea in the next arbor, to us at "five—*plates*" are quite as numerous as guests, but then there is more room for friends who pop in. We will gladly hand our card for the other over to the gentleman, who, having seen it, thought he had discovered a mare's nest, and ran "express" with the news.

The "Musical Library" deserves well at the hands of all, and we regard it as a special favorite. It is daily becoming more widely and favorably known.

We must not forget the "Proposals" of our neighbor Chandler, who comes out shortly with a weekly of his admirable paper, albeit he wraps us over the knuckles about our dogs, and ladies in pictures. Of the latter when *painted*, he has [illegible]. There is a *dog* of a "*beagle*" in [illegible], if he does not speak well of him, we shall not be surprised, but shall say a good thing of his weekly [illegible]—unless we have seen it.

Our brother Morris has not a weekly of his own, but then his elegant essays appear in all, which amounts to the same thing [illegible] but the bills of some of them to pay. We are mistaken if he would not find them to come some larger than the string of receipts which make quite a figure on paper.

Du Solle has been wagging his head at us for half an hour, but he is in the [illegible] hands, and who knows a friend when he gets to that pass. His [illegible] are uncommon tight [illegible], and he's not a weekly—nor a monthly. He's just about large and handy enough to use as wadding for a column-gun.

THE SOMERS' CASE.

A Court of Inquiry, consisting of Commodores Stewart, Jacob Jones, and A. J. Dallas, was convened on Wednesday, on board the brig Somers, at New York, for the purpose of inquiring into the late transactions on board of that brig. Ogden Hoffman, Esq., of New York has been appointed Judge Advocate. A better court could not be convened; and the public will have every assurance of confidence in the manner in which the investigation, in such hands, will be conducted.

The excitement upon the subject is very great, particularly in New York, where the examination takes place, and in Washington, where reside the connexions of the young man. In the latter place, if we are to credit the testimony of the letter writers, the feeling is rather against than in favor of Mr. Mackenzie, and some of the papers go so far as to state, that, in the testimony submitted to the Department, he has made out a very weak case. It is said that the authorship of the communication signed "S." in the Madisonian is known to have been in the unhappy father's family; if indeed the article was not written by the heart stricken parent himself. On the other hand the Boston Post says, on the authority of a gentleman from Washington, that the Secretary of War is not the author of the communication in the Madisonian, signed "S." It is also reported that the Secretary has declared that, "however painful the duty, he felt bound to say that Lieut. Mackenzie's course was NOT *unjustifiable*, under the circumstances."

But rumor will soon be set aside by facts so far as investigation can reach them. It is stated in some quarters that Mr. Mackenzie will be brought to answer also in the civil courts in relation to the circumstances, and in vindication of his conduct. Our own impressions, and we have seen no reason to change them, were fully expressed last week. No one should prejudge a case of such importance; and no influence of standing or influence of family should be permitted to come before a judicial tribunal. Let the case be tried on its merits.

A great deal has been said about Spencer in the public press—but the other persons executed are by no means forgotten in New York. The Herald of that city publishes a certificate of the good character of Samuel Cromwell, one of the persons executed, signed by twenty-three persons entitled to belief, who represent him to have been "an honest, candid, upright, feeling, respectable and well educated man," incapable of conspiring to mutiny, &c. To the friends of the more obscure companions of Spencer, in his ignominious death, their reputation is as dear, as is that of the Midshipman to his connexions. In weighing such fearful events as these, rank and influence should not for a moment enter the question.

Before dismissing this subject it is proper to correct an error which seems to be prevalent; and we are reminded so to do by the New York Tribune. The duty of the court now in session on board the Somers is merely to inquire into the facts of the case, not with a view to pronounce upon the innocence or guilt of Commander Mackenzie in the course he pursued, but to collect all the circumstances of the transactions, to be laid before a Court Martial if the Secretary of the Navy shall then see fit to order one.

SENTENCE OF M. J. ALEXANDER.

This young man, convicted of "voluntary manslaughter" was on Tuesday last sentenced; that painful duty of the Court having been postponed from the Saturday previous, on account of a difference in opinion among the Judges as to the proper severity of sentence. Even on Tuesday the Judges appeared to consult for some moments before they were ready that the sentence of the law should be pronounced.

Judge Conrad at length called to the prisoner to stand up, and, on his rising, asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him; to which he replied in a firm tone, "nothing." Judge Conrad then said it was not the intention of the Court to add to the already lacerated feelings of the prisoner by any reference to the crime and its afflicting consequences of which he had been convicted. There had been a difference of opinion, he said, between the judges who heard the case, as to the amount of punishment which should be inflicted, and candor compelled him to say, that he was individually in favor of a severer sentence than that which had been agreed upon, and which he should pronounce against him. He then said it was the sentence of the Court that the prisoner pay a fine of one dollar to the Commonwealth, and undergo a term of servitude in the Eastern Penitentiary, at hard labor, for four years, pay the cost of prosecution, and stand committed till this sentence be complied with. The prisoner sat down, having apparently much better command of his feelings than he had when the verdict was rendered.

We would not add one word which could occasion an additional pang to the heart-broken father, and other connexions of this young man. They are highly respectable, and the sentence of their relative will fall upon them a withering blow to the hopes, which, it is said his youth was promised, of an honorable and prosperous life. But, that a criminals relatives are worthy, is no reason why undue mercy should be shown to him. On the contrary, as such connexions suppose superior advantages, the guilt of a respectably connected man is more than that of one whose positions and associations have given him temptation to vice rather than encouragement to virtue. There are peculiar cases in which consideration for the family of a culprit, may induce mercy in his punishment, rather as a forbearance to *them* than to *him*. But this is an instance in which the public good, and the safety of every individual in the community, would have been better consulted if Judge Conrad's views had been those of his colleagues also. When a dispute about a mere matter of dollars and cents, into which all men are likely to fall, is determined by a sudden and mortal blow from a knife, the strongest considerations of necessity demand that punishment be sternly administered.

CURIOUS "COINCIDENCE."

On Sunday evening last one of the firm of Harper & Brothers, extensive book publishers in New York, happened to enter their building. A light was found dimly burning, a man's hat was upon the desk, which had been broken open, and a hammer and chisel were found upon the floor. The doors were locked and immediate steps were taken to give the building a thorough search. No one, however, was discovered. The noise made by Mr. Harper in entering had given the villain or villains chance of escape.

Under ordinary circumstances this would be deemed a mere defeated instance of burglary. But it will be recollected that some time since the same building was set fire to and an edition of *Morley Ernstein*, the exclusive sale of which had been purchased by them of the author was destroyed, with the exception of a few copies stolen for some other publisher, as it was believed at the time. The firm are now about to publish Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," to which they possess the exclusive right, so far as purchase can confer a right; and the burglarious entry of their establishment, just at this moment certainly strengthens the suspicions entertained upon a former occasion. Of course no publisher of any standing or character can be suspected.

FRIGHTFUL PICTURE.

Frequent allusion is made in this paper to the Chinese War, because it seems in its character and incidents one of the most cruel that has ever been waged; and it is the more conspicuous in its terrors, that war is not the spirit of the present age. Long may this nation be delivered from its evils and its crimes! An English officer, writing to his friend in England from Ching-Keang-foo, says: "I never saw such loss of life and property as took place here; we lost officers and men enough, but it is impossible even to compute the loss of the Chinese, for when they found they could stand no longer against us, they cut the throats of their wives and children, or drove them into wells and ponds, and then destroyed themselves; in many houses there were from eight to twelve dead bodies, and I myself have seen a dozen women and children drowning themselves in a small pond the day after the fight. The whole of the city and suburbs are a mass of ruins—whole streets have been burnt down."

CURIOUS STATISTICS.

The following bill of particulars has been rendered to the County Commissioners, as charges for entertaining the jury, in the case of Milton J. Alexander, during the pendency of his trial. It is, perhaps hardly necessary to observe that the Commissioners decline to pay this account. The dollar charged for a Seidlitz powder is perhaps the most eloquent and significant item. Gentlemen of juries, who decide questions of life and death, by aid of wine, brandy, porter, gin, and cigars, will probably hereafter pay as they go. It is understood that there are other bills, of similar amount, and of more miscellaneous character, which have been or will be presented. Comment on this matter is entirely unnecessary.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec 13, 1842.

The County Commissioners,

1842.	To [illegible],	Dr.
Nov. 30.	To 15 Dinners,	$15 00
	1 bottle Madeira wine,	2 00
	1 do. Sherry,	2 00
Dec. 1.	Brandy $1, ½ porter, 25	1 25
	Paid for Seidlitz powders,	1 00
2.	Brandy $1, porter 50,	1 50
4.	do. $1, do. 50,	1 50
6.	Brandy and porter,	1 25
7.	Paid for medicine,	1 00
"	Washing,	1 00
"	Brandy and porter,	1 00
8.	do. do.,	1 25
"	Lemonade,	50
9.	Brandy, paper,	1 25
"	½ porter, Gin 75,	1 00
10.	Brandy,	1 00
11.	do.,	1 00
	Amount of bar and cigars,	14 19
	Fires in Chambers,	2 50
	Private sitting room for the Jurymen,	36 00
	Fires in room adjoining for the officers,	6 00
	Board,	396 00
		$499 73

IMPORTANT DECISION.

The Reading Journal publishes a synopsis of a case recently decided, which establishes several important points. In the matter of Long vs. the Farmers' Bank of Reading, the opinion of the court was delivered by Hon. John Banks, on the 20th December. It appeared from the testimony, that the complainant, after a number of ineffectual applications, [as the bank was not then discounting] had his note for $200, payable in 60 days, discounted at the Farmers' Bank, on the 9th of April, 1842, with the express understanding that the note was to be paid at maturity. When the note was due, the complainant offered to pay $10 and have it renewed, which was refused, and finally suit was brought upon the note. Long brought then suit against the bank, on several of its notes, and presented two $10 notes and demanded specie in payment. The cashier replied that when he settled his old account it should be paid him. These are the principal facts of the case.

The points decided by the court may be stated as follows:

1. An individual indebted to a bank on a note discounted at his instance, due and payable has no right to demand of the bank gold or silver for an amount less than the note, and a refusal of the bank to pay the individual gold or silver under these circumstances works no forfeiture of its charter under the 1st section of the act of 12th March, 1842.

2d. The act of May 4th, 1841, (providing for the issue of relief notes) when accepted of by a bank, and its proportion of the State loan taken and paid into the State treasury, as therein provided, is a "legislative contract," and as such binding between the State and the bank, until further legislative action, and until the legislature shall have provided for the repayment of the loan authorized in the 1st section of said act.

3d. The act of 12th March, 1842, (the Resumption Act) does not embrace within its first and second sections, those banks which accepted of and have complied with the provisions of the act of May 4th, 1841—the penalty for their non-compliance, is to be found in the 6th section, viz: that they shall not have execution on judgment against their debtors.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE ABROAD.

We copy the following from the Inquirer of this city, and observe by way of comment, that every thing which capital, industry and enterprise can do, shall be done to keep Graham's Magazine at the head of the periodical literature of the country. We care not so much about making money—our other business *fully* satisfies us in that particular—as to keep before the world a Magazine of such *literary* and *artistic* merit, as our sneering neighbors abroad will find it difficult to surpass.

We are gratified to see that the Magazine literature of this country is no longer a subject of contemptuous remark abroad, but that the well directed enterprise of our Magazine publishers to elevate the literary merits of their works, has given them a tone that must command respect everywhere.

The London "Literary Gazette," in a recent *critique* on the article of Mr. Mathews, which appeared in Graham's Magazine, on the subject of an International Copyright says:

"We are gratified, on the score of literature, to find ourselves called on to pay our tribute of applause to the honest principles and sound arguments so ably enforced in the American article, extracted from a truly respectable and well written Magazine. It does credit to the country, and shows us that even after all the reasoning which has been bestowed upon the subject in England, there were still grounds of force to be applied to it, and the more effectually as they proceed from a native author."

The sneer of 'who reads an American book,' has been ANSWERED.

THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

Although the examination of this institution which immediately precedes the Christmas Holidays is, of course, less fully attended than the other semi-annual examination, a goodly interest was shown by Philadelphians this year in the progress of their Central High School. The exercises in all the departments showed most gratifying progress; but the attention of the audience was most particularly drawn to the original essays of the pupils. To the task of composition all other branches of study are rendered available; and as it was our gratification to hear the exercises of the pupils upon the last day of the term, it is but honesty to declare that the young gentlemen gave their audience better entertainment than five professed lecturers in ten are capable of doing.

We have not space to particularize, but say, in general terms, that some of the young gentlemen evinced a boldness and originality of thought which was truly refreshing in these days of reiterated commonplace; and that they marshalled the facts and statistics which they have acquired from their text-books, in a manner quite creditable to their powers of analyzation. Many of them too gave evidence that they had profitably pursued general reading, independent of their daily tasks; and altogether the state of the institution was shown to be such, that Philadelphians may reasonably be proud of it.

A SUNDAY SCENE.

On Sunday afternoon last, in New York, an alarm of fire brought out the fire companies, two of which got into a fight, which was quelled by the police officers, and one man arrested. On the same day, one of the Sunday officers, in arresting a boy who had been fighting in the street, was pelted with mud and stones by about two hundred men and boys. The officer had not proceeded far before he was joined by another of the ward, which for a few minutes quieted the riotous urchins. The mother of the boy shortly appeared on the ground, and flew at the officer who had the boy in custody, tearing his hair from his head, and scratching his face, swearing her son should not go to the Tombs, and finally succeeded in rescuing her son, and putting the officers to flight. The Alderman of the ward was sent for, but before he arrived several knock downs came off, which ended this disgusting scene on the Sabbath.

DEATH OF J. HALL BREADY.

We are pained to announce the death of J. Hall Bready, one of the leading members of the bar in this city. He is cut off at a very early age, being but in his thirty-second year—but his talents and acquirements had given him a position which promised to place his name among the truly eminent counsellors of which our city is justly proud.

But it is not in a professional view alone that we would attempt to speak his eulogy. As a man he was dearly beloved by a large circle of friends; and as a Christian, he proved in his last hours the blessedness of the hope he enjoyed through faith. He died in the bosom of his family, after a long and harassing illness. The courts of the city were closed one day in testimony of respect for his memory.

TO THE LADIES.

An old "sentiment" has refound its way into the papers, which is well worth copying in type, and celebrating in practice. It has also a technical look, which would make it a good exercise for young people in their arithmetical studies: "The fair daughters of America—may they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination."

PERILS OF THE SEA.

We learn from the Boston Transcript that during her recent passage from Liverpool to Boston, the steamer Britannia endured exceedingly rough weather, and several of the hands were badly wounded by being thrown down. One had several ribs broken, and another was very severely injured. Captain Hewitt himself was once washed overboard, but by a providential circumstance, he caught a guy rope as he went over the [illegible], and thus most miraculously saved himself from an ocean grave. Seamen see the most unaccountable and consequential wonders afloat, in a storm.

The English papers recount the particulars of a most singular accident resulting in the destruction of the brig Mavis in the Chinese seas. She was struck by lightning immediately abaft the mainmast, and instantly blew up, the electric fluid having passed through the magazine. The gunner, from whom this information is derived, was in the chains at the moment of this catastrophe, from whence he was thrown back into the vessel, her decks having been entirely torn up. On her going down, which she did immediately, he found himself in the water, with about 15 Lascars, who had escaped from having been out on the jib-boom at the time. One of the boats was luckily floating near them, and in her, comparatively uninjured, they reached another vessel. This sudden destruction of a vessel is almost unparalleled.

THE BIBLE.

The London Atlas contains an interesting report of the proceedings at a recent meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A leading topic of the speeches was, as to its operations and future prospects of its utility in consequence of the recent peace with China, where the efforts of its missionaries and the application of its funds, were calculated to accomplish most important benefits, by the introduction of the gospel among the countless multitude of unbelievers. In the annual report of the Society, it was stated that the total amount applicable to the general purposes of the society, was fourty-four thousand and forty-five pounds, eleven shillings and five pence, showing an increase of one thousand, three hundred pounds, seventeen shillings, as compared with the corresponding one of the last year. Upwards of eight hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures had been circulated during the last twelvemonth, making the grand total since the commencement of the society, of fourteen millions, thirty-eight thousand, nine hundred and thirty-four copies. It farther appears that, through the agency of this society, the Bible had been translated into one hundred and thirty-seven languages and dialects.

HEAVY ARTILLERY.

We shall have all sorts of stories, in the English newspapers, for some time to come, about China and the Chinese. Among the batch received by the last arrival, is the following, from an officer of the Conway, an English vessel which went 60 miles up the river "Yangtse-Kiang," or Child of the Ocean:

"The appearance of the ship created a great sensation: and the natives were apparently busy throwing up fortifications, which, being examined by the telescope, proved nothing but mats extended on poles, with painted ports, to give them the appearance of forts; these poor ignorant people not having the least idea that their real character could be so easily distinguished. During the time the dispute was going on between the late Lord Napier and the Chinese authorities, our countrymen at Canton were one morning astonished at seeing the shore apparently bristling with a hundred cannon; but on examining them with their glasses, they had put up in the front of a mat fort a range of earthen jars, with their open ends pointed towards the river. We found that it was a constant practice to stick a large round piece of wood into the muzzle of a three pounder, painted white, with a black spot as large as the bore of a thirty-two pounder, and as the white muzzle was continued along the line of guns, it became very difficult by merely looking at them, to discover the deception."

VERY UNFORTUNATE.

A young woman was lately brought before the London Police, in the following somewhat unusual charge. The complainant, whose long hair and beard presented a most grotesque appearance, stated that he was passing through Bethnal green road, when the prisoner ran up behind him and gave his hair an unmerciful pull, that caused him a considerable degree of pain. He instantly turned round and struck the prisoner with his umbrella, upon which she began abusing him, and afterwards ran away; but he followed her and gave her into custody. The complainant added, that he had pressing business on his hands, and expected that he would sustain a *heavy pecuniary loss*, through having to attend and prosecute the charge. The magistrate said that the girl had certainly done wrong, but if people would dress themselves in such an eccentric manner, and wear their hair after a fashion contrary to the established usage of any Christian country, they could not wonder if they were occasionally subjected to such annoyances; but as the assault was proved, he fined the naughty girl one shilling sterling!

FUN FOR MR. PICKWICK.

An English naval officer in China writes—"The Emperor is highly satisfied with all arrangements, and asked, if he should send a Mandarin to the British Court, would he be well received? The Admiral, it is said, has replied that, should he wish to do so, a frigate should be placed at his service, and, of course, he would be well received." Upon this the London Sun remarks: "We shall probably, ere long, have a Chinese Ambassador in London, with a tail twice the length of Dan's, and a yellow face as flat as a pancake! Conceive the sensation that such a phenomenon would create in the metropolis! Not a Barbarian Eye from Hyde Park corner to Mile-end turnpike, but would open to twice its usual extent to gaze at the interesting import. Imagine Quang-Fo in the dress-box at Covent Garden, and O-Fi, his Secretary, ogling one of the actresses through an opera-glass! Truly, wonders never cease; but a Chinese Ambassador in London, with a pigtail as long and lively as one of the leading articles in the Herald, is the greatest of all imaginable marvels!

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

The Orpheus, at New York brings advices to the 14th October, from Valparaiso—five weeks later than the last previous dates. The intelligence, which, particularly from Peru, is important, we find in the Tribune. Hercellis, a young general who was banished some time since from Peru, had secretly returned with about 300 men, and in a battle with the General Torrico, who had a much larger force, obtained a complete victory, destroying a great number of the enemy. He has possession, now, of all the northern Provinces in Peru, with a large force under his command, which is increasing daily. Peru was never in so unsettled a state, as it now is, and there are no prospects of peace for some time.

Chili is in a prosperous condition; there is no Republic in South America so well governed; the people are perfectly satisfied with the Constitution and inclined to agriculture.

Bolivia is at present quiet, though temporarily.

CANADA.

The position of Canada politics is at present curious, and, not a little annoying to the loyal subjects of her Majesty, who have stuck to the crown through good and through evil report. The offices in the gift of the Executive, appear to be distributed almost entirely among the "Patriots." Sir Charles Bagot has appointed Louis Hyppolite Lafontaine, (for whose head there was a reward of £500 offered in 1837) Attorney General of Upper Canada! Robert Baldwin, an ultra enemy of the government, Attorney General of Lower Canada! and M. Gironard, (another priced head) Commissioner of Crown Lands! He has also left the appointment to the minor offices in the hands of these leaders. This is, however, but in keeping with English precedent. The crown at home selects its advisers from the dominant party in Parliament, and in the Canadian Parliament the Patriots now have the preponderance.

A POLITICAL ANOMALY.

In his message opening the present session of the Texan Congress, President Houston says: "Texas, in truth, presents an anomaly in the history of nations, for no country has ever existed without a currency, nor has any government been administered without means." From this we are to infer, which we believe is the fact, that Texas has no currency, and her government no means. How, under such circumstances she is to resist a Mexican invasion remains to be proved; but there is little doubt, we suspect, that Texas is fully equal to any emergency into which Mexico is likely to throw her.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

The Boston Post informs us that a new benevolent society, for the prevention of cruelty to piano fortes, has just been organized in that city. There is a wide field for them to labor in, and we hope their humane exertions will be crowned with success. Such a consummation is certainly one earnestly to be wished; for of all abuses, that of a poor "harp in a box" as Leigh Hunt calls the fashionable instrument, is most shocking to the nerves and senses of the unfortunate auditors.

POOR CHILD.

A curious incident is said to have occurred on the occasion of the Senate waiting upon the young Queen of Spain to present their congratulations on her fete day. Immediately on the deputation entering, her preceptor, Don Manuel Quintana, informed each of them that her Majesty, who had previously got by heart the reply that she was to make to the Senators, had forgotten it; that she was in consequence much distressed, and had resolved not to make any reply; and therefore he (the preceptor) hoped that the Senators would impute her Majesty's silence to this cause alone. When the deputation was introduced into the Royal presence, they found the traces of tears on her Majesty's countenance, who, indeed, could scarcely refrain from sobs during their presence. Her Majesty could only utter these words—"I thank the Senate for their attention."

A VETERAN TAR.

The town of Livermore, Me., as we learn from a paper published near that place, has among its citizens one worth being proud of. It is Thomas Chase, one of the seamen who were with Paul Jones on board the famous Bon Homme Richard, when engaged with two British Sloops of War. This veteran sailor is now of the age of 90—apparently in the enjoyment of good health. The only organ of sense which appears to be much impaired, is that of hearing. The tympanum of his ear having been injured by the concussion caused by the guns, he having extended his head through a port hole during the firing. Mr. Chase is a native of Martha's Vineyard, and he has lived in Maine fifty-two years. It is gratifying to state that he is surrounded by his children and grand-children, and in the enjoyment of a pension from the government.

SAD END OF A JOKE.

The interference of the public in private matters, often results unfortunately. A few weeks since a man named Montgomery, at Harpersfield, Ohio, about three weeks after his wife's death, married a girl who had been previously living in his family. Several young men in the vicinity being indignant at the impropriety of it, serenaded him at night with horns, &c. A neighbor named Ferguson rebuked them for so doing, whereupon, they entertained him in a similar manner. He ordered them to be off or he would shoot them. While they were going away, he seized his gun and discharged it, lodging some sixty shot in the neck of a young man named Jerome, who is not expected to recover. Ferguson has been held to bail in the sum of $500 to answer.

SPLENDID HORN.

A magnificent horn was presented by the Howard Temperance Society of Southwark, at their Concert at the Museum, on Monday evening, to the Weccacoe Fire Company, the first fire company that took the temperance pledge. It came from the manufactory of R. & W. Wilson, and weighs twenty-nine and a half ounces, exclusive of the chain, which is something rich and beautiful. The devices are a representation of the original model of the Weccacoe engine, a fire plug in the shape of a dolphin, and two Indian scenes. The chasing and finish are rich and elaborate, and the work does high credit to Philadelphia art.

SPECULATION.

Among the effects of the recent news from the East will be the re-opening of speculation. It is stated that two or three gentlemen came over in the last steamer, with the object of speculating in cotton. They hurried on South as rapidly as possible. They will have to hurry very fast to keep in advance of the newspapers, and find people who have not "heard from China"—and their very haste will betray the fact that "something is in the wind." Gently—Mr. Public—a new blast of over done speculation would be almost as bad as a civil war, in its commercial calamities.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

It is said that the British have stipulated that all nations shall have the same reciprocal treatment in China as themselves, so our cotton will now go direct to the north of the flowery land, where the Chinese cotton printing factories are. The last letters from Macao (according to the Journal of Commerce) say that the ports which were to be opened to the British would be equally open to American trade. The American ship Lowell was at Amoy discharging, and making good sales of her American cargo, taking pay in dollars.

STATISTICS OF DEATH.

In the eleventh Lecture on the French Revolution, published in our columns of to-day, will be found some singular statistics, which, we predict, will find their way into the common place books of many of our readers. The "balls of the victims"—those quaint and *bizarre assemblies*; the last terrific insurrection of the Jacobins; and the punishment of conspicuous mountain leaders, are all deeply interesting events. The last incident recorded in this lecture, was one of the most tragic scenes of the Revolution.

ANOTHER TRAVELLER.

Rev. E. T. Taylor, the "sailor preacher," whose discourses and general Christian life and usefulness in Boston, are so well known, is about to go to Palestine, for the benefit of his health. He proposes to spend about two years in the land, the scenery and associations of which are so interesting to the Christian world. It will be eminently worth one's while to hear his original pulpit descriptions of what he has seen, on his return, accompanied as they will be with eloquent practical application.

THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania assembles next Tuesday at Harrisburg. The state of the public works and the finances of the Commonwealth, and the disposition of the questions which have arisen relative to these important matters, will make the session an exceedingly interesting one. The Message of Gov. Porter will be looked for with unusual interest.

FURS.

We would call the attention of our lady readers to the truly elegant assortment of furs, in the store of Mr. D Levine, 79 Chesnut, below Third. And if a capricious or recherche taste find nothing there already made, with which it is pleased, Mr. Levine can produce any article or pattern to order, in a style unexceptionable.

Local Intelligence.

DISTURBANCE.—On Sunday night last, at an alarm of fire, the Franklin Hose and Washington Engine by some means came in contact with each other, and a fight ensued which ended in the members of the Washington Engine Company taking possession of the apparatus of the other and walking off with it. On Monday about noon, the members of the Franklin Hose Company came in force to the house of the Washington Engine Company, which they burst open and very much defaced—took possession of the Engine, and took it out into Broad street, where they broke it in such a manner as to totally unfit it for further use. We learn that several of the rioters have been arrested, and it is to be hoped that they will be properly punished.

DEATH OF NICHOLSON.—T. S. Nicholson, recently convicted in this city of forgery, died in the State Prison at an early hour on Monday morning. Before his death, he sent for Mr. Hewitt, his former employer, confessed his guilt in the presence of several persons, and asked forgiveness of Mr. H., which was freely accorded him. He also admitted that he had fired the building by which the books were damaged. Until within a few hours of his death he had persisted in his innocence.

SUIT POSTPONED.—The case of the Commonwealth vs. Messrs. Swain, Abell, and Simmons, of the "Public Ledger," for an alleged libel upon Charles Alexander, Esq., one of the proprietors of the "Daily Chronicle," which was announced for trial on Tuesday morning in the General Sessions, was, by consent of the counsel on both sides, postponed until Tuesday the 16th of January.

THE CRIMINAL SESSIONS.—The seat on the bench of this Court, vacated by the retirement of Judge Barton, will, it is stated by those who should know, be filled by Hon. A. V. Parsons. That gentleman will bring to his duty eminent legal attainments and experience; aid freedom, local ties and associations.

NEW BUILDINGS.—It is ascertained from authentic official sources, that there have been erected in the city and suburbs of Philadelphia, this year, over one thousand buildings. In the face of all that has been said of the dullness of the times, this argues well for the internal resources of our city.

SPRING GARDEN.—There has been during the present month but one watch case heard by the Police Magistrate of the district of Spring Garden. This speaks volumes in favor of this respectable and improving section of the county.

☞ The old and respectable corps of Washington Blues will hold their fourth annual ball on Monday, the 16th of January, at the saloon of the Adelphia Building.

IMPORTANT INVESTIGATION.

The Paris Tribunal of Correctional Police was engaged during the whole of the last week of November in trying the directors and all the responsible agents of the Versailles Rail Road for the horrible accident on that road in May last. The number of persons killed on that occasion is officially stated to be one hundred and sixty, besides ten wounded. The decision of the Tribunal has not yet been received, but will be looked for with great interest. The public of this country will be glad to hear whether in Europe "no blame" attaches to those whose carelessness causes wholesale murder.

FIRES IN BALTIMORE.

On Saturday night last, there were several fires in Baltimore, by which were destroyed, or badly injured, the Chair Factory of Messrs. Tucker & Robinson, the Clothing Store of H. Deichel, and a large building in Pratt street, occupied as a dwelling and Jewelry Store by Mr. Heilbrun, and a Confectionary establishment by Messrs. Leonardo & Brinkley. On Monday night were burned the Clothing Store of Mr. McLaughlin, in Light street, and a Grocery and Tin shop adjoining. The aggregate damage is about $15,000.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

The lecture before the American Institute on Tuesday evening next will be delivered by Rev. Joel Parker, on the subject of "The Incidental Influence of Christian Missions to the Heathen." The reputation of the speaker, and the interest and importance of the subject cannot fail to attract a very large audience. The lecture will be delivered in the Hall of the Franklin Institute.

Popular Lectures.

MR. BANCROFT'S LECTURE.

The lecture of Mr. Bancroft, on Friday evening, the 23rd instant, before the Mercantile Library Company, was attended by one of the most numerous audiences of the season. The lecture was devoted to the elucidation of the idea that the men of genius, by whom any age is distinguished, are the result of that age: in other words that the age creates them and not they the age. This thought was finely illustrated.

How beautiful—he said—is the rose, yet why should it be proud? It is but the result of many forces—the sun, the air, all the laws of nature produce it. So with the good man. Not of his own power does he resist ill and do works of benevolence; he lives in the strength of a higher spirit than his own. So too with the hero. His sinews, his heart are like those of other men. But it is not only opportunity that makes him great. The hero is made such by deeds wrought in behalf of humanity. Spirits from the invisible world keep guard around his head. On the field of Marathon the Greeks would have perished, like Leonidas, had not the genius of humanity quickened their steps and infused tenfold energy into their arms. So, in vain does the philosopher trim his midnight lamp and outwatch the Bear unless the Spirit of the Age comes to him in the darkness of night, as the angel appeared to the apostle in prison, to illumine his reason by the light from above. The Poet creates not his own inspiration. His enthusiasm springs from the god within. This doctrine all Poets have borne testimony to and ages consecrated. It has been proved too by the experience of this century. In whom would you look for less affinity with the progress of the race than in the reckless and profligate Byron? Yet it was the voice of Humanity that called to him—and its call was not disregarded, for it bade him make war on all who war with Thought—to resist the jackall cry of the base purveyors of Despotism. It led him to the battle field, but not to sing the praise of the fool's ambition. It pointed him to the Republics of the West, and bade him hymn the praises of this New World. She called to him in a world without God and taught him to sing the greatness of Humanity. She raised a hope that he was yet to mount aloft with fresh pinions, and [illegible] in which he lived seemed in his verse to rouse from its infidel slumber—to shake the poppies from its brow, and commune with God in the world he had created. Thus, to philanthropy and religion, in the assertion of freedom of mind, in awakening from his egotism to high devotion, the Poet of the day was for Europe made to express the Genius of the Age.

Our own Bryant, too, was first led to glory not by his own personal power. The genius of the American wilderness in its surrender to the genius of civilization sighs out its death-song in his strains. Future generations will declare him the type of this age—the type of American Nature and American Society. Neither does the Artist ever produce a great work unless a power from above, from the ideal world, guides his hand.

But why speak of Artist, Poet, Philosopher, or Hero? No man lives for himself alone, or of himself alone. Humanity is a complex whole from which no individual can separate himself. The Heroes of the time are the representatives of the race, but we are all free of the city, partners of its brotherhood. We stand between two extremities—there is not one on whom the light of the past does not rest, not one with whom the Spirit of the Age refuses to hold converse.

If greatness springs not from individual power but from associated mind, and is, in a word, the result of the Spirit of the Age, we should expect to see *this spirit* moving with power over the Earth and manifesting itself at the same time in different places remote from each other. And it is so. Leibnitz in Germany and Newton in England claim the invention of the differential calculus. But the discovery was made by neither. It was whispered to them by the spirit of the age. At Paris philosophers were building an observatory to tempt electricity from the clouds: at Philadelphia, about the same time, a runaway apprentice grown to manhood, went out into the field, and, as he touched the key, the spirit of the age, in a voice like the tempest, proclaimed that FRANKLIN had drawn lightning from the clouds. Historians debate as to who first suggested the convention of a Congress or the Declaration of Independence—as well might the forest trees dispute what first quickened their leaves and buds, when the sun, the earth and the season has renewed them. All antiquity is full of illustrations of the power of the spirit of the age, and no epoch more so than that of the middle age. So the American Revolution was not the work of any one man, but of the age; and the influences which produced it were at work in Europe as well as here. The Spirit of the Age, taught Adam Smith, in the very year of our Independence, to protest against the restrictive commercial system of the past. It sent Lafayette to America, prompted Chatham to defend reform in Parliament, and kept watch with Prescott on Bunker Hill. It taught Kant, in the forests of Geneva, to assert for Society its right to Progress, and called on men to advance from a state of imperfection to one higher and better. It inspired Schiller's poetry, and breathed in the music of Beethoven love for universal man. And those who withstand the Spirit of the Age lose their immortality, be they Alvas, Spinozas, Mansfields or Johnsons.

If the Spirit of the Age prompts the noblest works of the man of genius, can there be a property in them by moral right, apart from conventional laws? The mocking-bird's strains, the perfume of our neighbor's flowers, and the sunlight of heaven are common to us all. So the thoughts that are of eternity cannot be appropriated to personal use.

Where are the chosen haunts of genius? Where the mind of man is most active. Over the stagnant pool of Despotism hurries the Spirit of the Age with outspread wings: it seeks its home where the fires of freedom burn the brightest. It speaks in Demosthenes, sweeps the lyre of Æschylus, and animates the creations of Phidias. In our own time and country the Spirit of Age has touched some men of letters among us—Dwight, Barlow and Humphrey, though in them the Spirit of the Age was not fully expressed. But its better expression was at hand. Of this we have evidence in the career of CHANNING. Long he struggled against it, but gradually his sympathies gave way to duty. The golden harp he bore was first breathed upon by the spirit of sect and party, and love of place and narrow inquiry. But it was raised ever upward to a higher sphere of existence, and then the spirit of the world rushed fervidly among its trembling strings, and in strains of sweet beauty it then poured fourth immortal harmonies.

Yet America is the land of active men rather than of scholarship. For a full illustration of the Spirit of the Age we must look to the scenes of American statesmanship. Washington was at once the enthusiast for *freedom* and the enthusiast for *order*. The Spirit of the Age lived in him.

How humble do we appear separated from the Spirit of the Age, and how grand seems genius when elected by the Spirit of the Age for its Champion. Let us be careful to keep in harmony with this Spirit, and content to do its bidding, since Providence watches over the hearts and ways of men. So shall we reach the high ends of our being, and for us there will be no obscurity so profound as to cause us to have lived in vain.

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Merker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

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SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, for Kentucky.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

Notices of New Works.

The Political Writings of the Late William Leggett, *edited by Theodore Sedgwick. One volume, 12mo.*—William Leggett was unquestionably one of the most able and brilliant political writers this country has ever produced. He was the Fonblanque of the American democratic party. Associated with Bryant, he raised the character of journalism—*political* journalism, constantly suffering degradation from the unworthy motives and conduct of its authors—to a place in the public consideration which it never before attained. The great distinctive feature in Leggett's character was his independence. He may have erred—he may sometimes have judged too hastily—but he was always *honest*, and he thought for himself. He was magnanimous, too, and he never shrank from a just responsibility, or from the abandonment of a false position. He was a partisan, but he never was a follower. He was in advance, not only of his associates, but of the age. Principles which now have an enduring place in the popular mind, he was the first to promulgate. Though some of them were coldly received, though for others he was solemnly excommunicated from the political circle in which he had moved—he was their asserter until they were established. He died just as the softening influence of time had given the greatest dignity and strength to his character—as the prejudices of early manhood were all vanishing away, and his mental vision had become widest and clearest—as the hitherto unstable admiration of his fellows seemed to be chained to his actions. The collection of his writings before us was made by his friend, the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, and is published for the benefit of his family. We endorse none of the opinions they contain. We simply point to the manly independence, the vigor of language and thought, the boldness and originality, which distinguish them. To the democratic politician, Leggett's works must become a text-book; to the journalist of every party, they will be regarded as models of condensed, powerful and brilliant composition. They are for sale in this city by Burgess, No. 3 Ledger Building.

Dickens' New Work is to be published in twenty monthlies—and entitled "the Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit, his relatives, friends, and enemies—comprising all his Wills and Ways—with an historical record of what he did, and what he did not—showing, moreover, who inherited the family plate, who came in for the silver spoons, and who for the wooden ladles—the whole forming a complete key to the House of Chuzzlewit—with illustrations by Phiz."

Serials.—From Burgess and Zieber we have the Young Duke, the continuation of Thiers, Waverly, S. F. Wilson's History of the Revolution and other serial works. The same publishers have sent us the New York Ladies' Companion for January.

From Colon we have the second part of George St. George Julian. From Drew and Scammell a volume of Merry's Museum; and from the publishers, the first number, since the union, of the Electic and Museum.

☞ When Professor Longfellow was in London last summer, he entered a church, and the first performance by the choir was the singing of his "Psalm of Life."

Handy Andy.—This mirth provoking book is now complete, and may be had of Appleton in two editions—one at fifty cents, the other at one dollar.

General News.

Chinese Ways and Means.—When China had to pay $6,000,000 for the ransom of Canton, that Government imposed a duty of five taels per pound upon the 50,000,000 lbs. of tea annually exported, of which 10,000,000 lbs. are taken by Englishmen; by this means the Chinese reimbursed themselves in rather more than two years. In the same manner, by imposing an additional duty of five taels, the Government of China will be cash in hand before the time is expired (four years) for paying the $31,000,000. At this rate "our folks" will pay their share of the indemnity.

The Latimer Case.—The Governor of Virginia has made a requisition on the Governor of Massachusetts, for the fugitive slave Latimer—and the Governor of Massachusetts declines to give him up. It is said that Governor Davis puts his refusal upon the ground that there is not probable evidence of his having been guilty of the theft charged, and that the guilt charged could not have been a sufficient motive for him to flee the State. Virginia demands him not as a slave, but as a fugitive from justice.

Reduction of Letter Postage.—The Postmasters of some of the principal cities, the New York Sun says, are now in Washington, conferring with the Postmaster General as to the best mode of reducing the postage on letters—and they are next week to meet the Committee of Congress on Post offices to devise the best plan for carrying the proposed reform into operation. Both the people and the Department would be benefited by it, without doubt.

Steamer Great Western.—The New York Commercial Advertiser announces that the favorite steam-packet Great Western is to resume her station the coming season, between New York and Liverpool and Bristol. Her first trip will be from Bristol, whence she will depart on the 11th of February, touching for that trip only at Madeira. This is a good arrangement, as it will probably ensure a fine passage.

Mail Robber Caught.—A young man, for some time past a clerk in the Post Office at Winchester, Va. was arrested in that place last week, charged with having committed many mail robberies during the past year. The young man has long been an object of suspicion, and he has finally been arrested on the evidence of having passed off sundry bank notes, identified as a portion of those remitted by mail.

American Railroad Iron.—The first Rail Road iron made in this country, was made last January by the Great Western Iron Company, Pennsylvania, on the Allegheny river, about fifty miles above Pittsburg. This company is got up by New York and Boston capital. About 100 tons of rail road iron from these works lately arrived at Pittsburg, on its way for the rail road at Madison, Indiana.

Mr. Marshall and the Ladies.—A meeting of the Freemen's Vigilant Total Abstinence Society of Washington, was held in that city last Friday evening week. In the course of the evening, Mr. Cunningham, on behalf of the Agatha Marshall Society of New York, presented the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall with a gold medal. At the close of the exercises thirty persons took the pledge.

Foolish.—There is a proposition before the Georgia Legislature to tax brokers $10,000 apiece, and to declare every man a broker who buys or sells Central Bank money at more than eight per cent. Of course this proposition will be voted down; for, to say nothing of the injustice of it, the ridiculous folly of raising the value of paper by penal enactments is behind the age.

☞ A fire broke out in New Haven, Conn., on Sunday last, in the block known as "Street's Buildings," by which property to the amount of from $5000 to $8000 was destroyed.

A Horse Starved to Death.—A horse, during the late snows in Massachusetts, ran off with a sleigh, and after throwing the occupants out ran into the woods. A few days after he was found, chilled and starved, having been there days and nights, exposed to the storm and cold—and he expired in about ten minutes after he was found. He had pawed up the earth for a considerable distance around him, and must have suffered the acutest agonies of a horrible death.

Sharp Law.—Judge Manning, of the Criminal Court in St. Louis, has a queer way of dispensing justice. Recently, a Mr. Thorpe was on trial for selling liquor without a license. It appearing that the principal had left for parts unknown, the Judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict against the barkeeper, who had nothing to do with the house, other than as a person employed, and he was consequently fined $20 and cost.

Fire in Richmond.—A destructive fire occurred on Friday of last week, in the store of John R. Triplett & Son on Carey street, Richmond, Va. The store of Messrs. Triplett was entirely destroyed, and the adjacent buildings of Mr. Royal Parish and Quarles & Beazely were partially damaged. Loss between $20 and $30,000—entirely covered by insurance.

Gov. Bagot's Health.—The Montreal Times says: "It is with deep sorrow that we state that His Excellency, Sir Charles Bagot, is so seriously ill that his attendants almost despair of his life. At the date of our latest advices, he continued exceedingly low; and the apprehensions of his medical attendants point to a fatal termination of his malady."

Ohio Stocks.—The Fund Commissioners of Ohio, since the 2d day of May last, have disposed of State bonds to the amount of $1,492,200, (at the par value) upon which the sum of $1,036,711 88 has been realized for the benefit of the State. The actual rate of interest paid on these loans is a little more than eight and a half per cent.

Like a Malay.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says: "A poor, miserable wretch, laboring under mania potu, named Griesur, on the Swallow steamer, bound up from New Orleans, rushed into the cabin with his bowie knife, wounded nine of the passengers, and then closed his wretched existence by jumping into the river, where he was drowned."

The Sandwich Islands.—The Journal of Commerce says that the Sandwich Island chief Haliko, whose arrival we mentioned the other day, and who is now at Washington, has come to negotiate for a recognition of his country's independence; and that he will visit England and France for the same purpose.

Hydrophobia.—The Pike county (Mo.) Radical says:—A child of Mr. James Hunter, of this county, was attacked on the 5th instant, with Hydrophobia, from the bite of a rabid dog, received some time during the last summer. Death ensued in about twenty-four hours from the first appearance of the disease.

Trial Postponed.—The trial of G. Pope, for shooting Leonard Bliss, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., has been postponed until February next. The circumstances of this case will be remembered. Mr. Bliss was connected with the press, and the quarrel grew out of a publication reflecting upon a friend of Mr. Pope.

Contagious.—New York examples it appears find imitators. A Maj. Baker and a Dr. Merryman have been sent to jail in Springfield, Ill., because they would not give their testimony in a duel case. All they know of the facts, was told to them in confidence, and they will not violate that confidence.

A Tabernacle.—The Boston Post says that the Millerites intend erecting somewhere near the centre of that city, a large and cheap building, in which to hold their meetings until the destruction of the world. It is to be large enough to contain four or five thousand persons, and its cost is estimated at $2000.

Taste.—Last week we noticed some peculiar features of London taste in theatricals. Now, we observe that the recent horrible affair in Cincinnati has been dramatized for representation on the stage, under the title of "The Deserted Mother." The actors in that business are like to be immortalized.

Gen. Jackson.—The Democrats of Indiana express a wish to have Gen. Jackson preside at the next Democratic National Convention to nominate a President of the United States. The presence of the old Roman would no doubt be gratifying to his friends, but he would hardly risk such a journey.

A Blockade.—A letter in a New York paper from Guayaquil, says: "It is reported here, and I presume with truth, that the English naval force, under Admiral Thomas, have the ports of Guatemala under blockade, to exact certain amounts of money due from that government to British subjects.

Insane.—Some of the newspapers were very particular in stating the fact that a clergyman of Connecticut had "robbed the mail." The clergyman's name was T. G. Salter, and his residence Waldam. Legal investigation established his insanity, and he has been sent to the Hartford Asylum.

☞ Cesser Librand, convicted in New Orleans of a libel on Anthony Fernandez, was sentenced to *two hours* imprisonment. It is said that "justice though slow is sure." We presume, of course, that the Executive was entreated to pardon him, that he might escape this severe infliction.

Missouri Defaulter.—It appears from a statement transmitted to the Missouri General Assembly, by the auditor of public accounts, that there are thirty-one public defaulters in that State, principally collectors of revenue, all of whose defalcations have accrued since 1835.

The Mormon Temple at Nauvoo, the most spacious building in Illinois, has been completed. Its cost was rising $200,000. Joe Smith is now erecting another building on a like scale of cost and splendor, as a public hotel, to be called the "Nauvoo House."

Counterfeits.—Quite a flood of one dollar notes changed to ten's were last week attempted to be put afloat; but as the officers had wind of the matter, the public was put on the guard. Several arrests of rogues took place, in the act of offering the false issues.

A Pleasant Party.—A meeting of all those who took part in the defence of New Orleans, who still survive, was to be held in New Orleans on the 16th instant. We can conceive of no circumstances more interesting under which a party could meet.

Oil.—During the month of November last, fourteen ships, two barks, and one brig—tonnage, 4,198—engaged in the whale trade, arrived at various ports in the United States, bringing 14,608 bbls. sperm, and 1900 bbls. whale oil.

☞ The King of the French has presented Wm. Norris, Esq., the celebrated Locomotive engine manufacturer, a gold medal, a gold box ornamented with diamonds, besides giving him an order for the construction of several Locomotives.

Not Particular—nor very Decisive.—The last Middletown (Conn.) Sentinel contains an advertisement of a lady for a husband. The advertiser states that she is "neither *too* old nor *too* young for a gentleman of 38 or 50."

☞ Four churches, one of which cost $14,000, and four school houses, which cost $5000 each, have been built at Pawtucket during the past season. Pawtucket is a flourishing manufacturing village in Rhode Island.

☞ A fire at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday evening last, destroyed three or four houses on Plymouth street. It broke out in the cooper's shop of Mr. Morrison, whose loss is estimated at about $3000—insurance $1500.

☞ Orazio de Attellis Santangelo, convicted in New York of a libel on Samuel McRoberts, U. S. Senator from Illinois, has been sentenced to five days imprisonment in the city prison, and pay a fine of fifty dollars.

Emigration.—The Platte, Mo., Eagle says, that great numbers of emigrants are daily arriving in the upper counties of the Platte purchase, and that nearly the whole of that section will be covered by pre-emption.

☞ Capt. Mugford, of the Grotius, at Boston, from New Zealand, has now completed his sixth voyage round the globe; and what is more remarkable, without having met with any disaster.

A Moral County.—In the Schuylkill county jail, on Monday week, there was but one prisoner awaiting trial, and the Grand Jury were discharged for want of business to engage them.

☞ At Boston, on Saturday morning last, at sunrise, the mercury in the thermometer stood at only four degrees above zero. At nine o'clock, it had only risen seven above.

☞ A youth, aged fifteen, was run over in New York by a fire engine, and died in fifteen minutes after the accident. His name was Theodore M. Maickie.

Advance in Art.—It is said the manufacturers in Nottingham and Derby, are endeavoring to bring out coats and trowsers woven in the frame, and that ultimately it is expected they will accomplish their purpose. The next improvement will be to turn out automata, by machinery, to take the place of men who have no other aim in life than to exhibit the handiwork of the tailor.

German Silver is pronounced by the chemists a dangerous article for culinary utensils. It oxydizes very rapidly in contact with any acid, even slight vegetable ones, and the small particles which are taken into the stomach imperceptibly, act as a slow but sure poison. Every one is acquainted with the nature of arsenic; nickel is equally poisonous.

Pearls.—Letters from Norway mention that there has been found in the bed of the great stream that runs through Jeldeven, in the diocese of Christiansand and which from the excessive heats became dry, a great number of bivalve shells containing pearls, some of which were so large and fine, that they were valued at £60 a piece.

☞ It is stated in the New Orleans Picayune, that the article upon the American Press in the Foreign Quarterly was from the pen of "the boy *Jones*," who turns out to be a great literary genius, as well as otherwise a wonder. This report probably wants confirmation.

☞ The Pittsburgh Chronicle announces for sale, "Compound extract of sand paper" as a parody on the humbugs of the day. It is good for *brightening* ideas and giving a *keen* edge to the appetite.

☞ Among the vessels destroyed by a terrific storm at Funchal was the Creole, the vessel which was so frequently mentioned in the "Creole Question."

☞ Up to the 15th of this month, during the present year, 51,000 emigrants arrived in New York, and 9521 returned to Europe.

☞ The sum of £640 was lately given in England for the bulb of a new tulip, called "The Citadel of Antwerp."

The Mormons.—A resolution has been introduced into the Legislature of Illinois, repealing the Mormon charter.

Agricultural.

Hens.—The Massachusetts Ploughman states that Mr. E. G. Tucker, of Milton, obtained 600 dozen of eggs in one year, from 83 hens—this was his highest number of fowls; he sometimes had less—that for 262 dozen he took $100 within one cent. The whole amount of his cash receipts was $123 33, and his cash expenditures were $56 43, leaving him a balance of $66 90. Mr. Tucker deserves much credit for his accuracy and his particularity in keeping his accounts. Sixty-six dollars for the *trouble* of seeing to 83 hens is no small sum. It would pay the taxes of almost any farm; and it would more than half pay a good laborer for a year.

Cabbages.—The New Haven Farmers' Gazette states that Mr. H. M. Bidwell of that city, planted three cabbage shoots from an old stump—merely sticking them in the ground. They took root immediately, and grew thrifty, as every other plant. Two of the three have produced fine solid heads. One was two feet six inches in circumference, the open outside leaves being all stripped off. It is of the drum-head shape. The other head is more conical, and apparently a different species. Plants may thus be obtained early, without the labor and attention required for raising them in hot beds.

Louisiana Sugar Crop.—The Attakapas Gazette states that the planters of the parish of St. Martins have all finished grinding their sugar, and they have realized very nearly the full amount of their expectations. Even the frozen cane turned out very well and made good sugar to the last. Indeed, says the Gazette, we have not seen any sugar of a bad quality this year.

Coal to Newcastle.—The New York Express says:—"A cargo of wheat, ten thousand bushels, has arrived here from Valparaiso. The samples look as well as our Illinois. The duty is twenty-five cents a bushel, therefore it will be sold for export probably to the British Provinces. It is held at ninety cents—short price.

Pork.—The Cincinnati Gazette states that the number of Hogs already packed in that city up to the 20th inst., is estimated at between seventy and eighty thousand. A larger proportion than usual has been converted into Lard and Bacon. The price of Hogs ranges at from $1,75 to $2, according to quality.

Wheat in Mississippi.—The Natchez Free Trader states that the cultivation of Wheat is extending materially in Mississippi. The crops this year were abundant, and of excellent quality. The Trader says that in five years more, Mississippi will send flour to New Orleans and Mobile for sale.

Poultry.—At a recent market in Baltimore, a person undertook the task of counting the *turkeys* offered for sale, and ascertained that they numbered *nine thousand six hundred.*

☞ Produce is cheap in Michigan; wheat 38 cts. per bushel, corn 20 cents, oats 15 cents, pork $1 per 100 pounds, and every thing else in proportion.

Political Intelligence.

South Carolina Legislature.—The resolutions of Mr. A. Rhett, in favor of refunding General Jackson's fine—also the resolution of the same gentleman, in favor of refunding to the heirs of Dr. Thomas Cooper the fine imposed upon him in Pennsylvania, for an alleged libel on President John Adams—have been adopted by decisive majorities in both Houses.

Illinois.—Sidney Breese has been elected a Senator of the United States for six years from the 4th of March next, to succeed Senator Young, whose term of service will then expire. This is a change of persons but not of parties, both Senators being very decidedly anti-Whig.

☞ Governor Doty, of Wisconsin, having refused to recognize the Legislative Council for that Territory, now assembled, that body have, by a vote of 39 to 2, adopted a resolution requesting his removal.

☞ William H. Haywood, has been elected United States Senator from North Carolina, in place of William Graham, whose term expires on the 4th of March.

☞ The Indiana House of Representatives, by a vote of 57 to 36 have passed a resolution in favor of the repeal of the Bankrupt Law.

☞ The bill to district the State of Georgia, according to the act of Congress, only needs the signature of the Governor to become a law.

☞ The regular annual session of the Legislature of Maryland, commenced at Annapolis on Monday.

Army & Navy.

☞ The Secretary of the Navy has issued an order through G. L. Thompson, Engineer in Chief of that Department, for the construction of the Vertical Paddle Wheels invented by A. Ralston Chase, of Cincinnati. The work is ordered to be done at Baltimore by Wells & Miller, under the superintendence of the inventor.

☞ Of the 60 gallant officers who have found a grave in Florida, only 20 have fallen in battle; the rest were victims to the diseases incident to the climate!

☞ Lieut. Thomas J. Manning, of New Jersey, has been ordered to the command of the U. S. ship Erie, lying at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

☞ The U. S. ship Marion, Commander Armstrong was at St. Pierre (Mart) about the 26th November—all well.

☞ Captains Ballard and Skinner, of the United States Navy, are both reported to be extremely ill.

Notices of the Dead.

Death of John Uncas.—Died, at Mohegan, the 19th, John Uncas, aged 89 years, the last male of the royal line of the celebrated Chief of that name. He was interred in the Royal burying ground of the Mohegans, on the Plain.

☞ We notice the death, at Albany, of the Rev. Edward D. Allen, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of that city. Mr. Allen was the successor of the Rev. Mr. Kirk, the founder of the church.

☞ A lineal descendant of William Penn, the founder and original proprietor of Pennsylvania, died at Cheltenham on the 17th ult.

☞ The death of the Russian naturalist, Lehmann, is mentioned. It will be felt as a serious loss to the University of Dorpat.

Congress News.

There were last week passed in the Senate, two resolutions of inquiry relative to the late Treaty with Great Britain, both of which were promptly answered. The first was a resolution submitted by Mr. Benton, asking whether the assumption of the State Debts, by the General Government was in any manner proposed by Lord Ashburton, and the answer as reported to the President by the Secretary of State, and transmitted to the Senate, is concise, and sufficiently explicit, *to wit:* "The undersigned has the honor to report to the President that the late Special Minister from Great Britain to the United States *made no proposition, informal or otherwise, in the Negotiation on the part of the United States for the assumption or guarantee of the State Debts*, by the Government of the United to the holders thereof."

The other resolution was offered by Mr. Linn, and asks for further information relative to the Oregon Question, as alluded to in the annual message. The President answers that in conformity with the purpose he announced in his annual message, measures have already been taken to bring about a speedy settlement of the claims of the two countries to the territory in question, and that on this account, he does not deem it expedient to make any communication on the subject at present.

Mr. Benton's resolution of inquiry relative to the Quintuple Treaty, and the maintenance of an American Squadron on the Coast of Africa, was called up on Friday, but postponed without decision.

The General Appropriation Bill has passed both Houses. In the form in which it was enacted, it makes no appropriation for the coast survey, that item having been stricken out. $20,000 are appropriated for completing the report of the doings of the Exploring Expedition.

Both Houses on Friday adjourned over to Tuesday. A very large number of private bills were disposed of before adjournment, in the House; and the Senate held a long Executive Session, the subject of which is supposed to be the events on board the Somers. The Bankrupt Bill has not yet been decisively acted upon in the House, and some of the letter writers speak of its repeal as a matter by no means so certain as has been supposed.

On the assembling of the Senate on Tuesday, a large number of petitions were presented upon the subject of the Bankrupt Law—some for repeal, and others remonstrating against it. There were also memorials, including one from this city, asking its modification. Mr. Benton's resolution making inquiry in regard to the Quintuple Treaty, &c., was taken up and adopted.

In the House, the morning hour was occupied in reports of committees, &c. The resolutions passed by the Legislature of Virginia, relative to General Jackson's fine, were presented by Mr. Wise, and referred to the Committee of the Whole. In Senate, by the way, a bill remitting the fine, introduced by Mr. Linn, was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

☞ Anthony Barclay, Esq., has been appointed Consul of Her Britannic Majesty for the port of New York.

Latest Fashions.

Bonnets.—Those intended for promenade are of a middling size, and principally decorated with feathers shaded, the same color as the ribbon. Visiting bonnets, and those worn for half dress, are composed of velours royal, blue sapphire, vert de gris, gris mineral, straw, or citron color, and ornamented with marabouts; the interior of these hats trimmed with velvet ribbons of a light and lively color.

Walking Dresses are generally remarkable for their plain appearance, being nearly destitute of all kind of trimming, owing to their being concealed by the mantelet, camail, or long cloak; the corsage perfectly high and plain, sleeves and skirt to match. The materials mostly in vogue, are the poult de soie, satins of different colors, the moires zebrees, China silks, Indian damasks, levantines and pekins. The sleeves also guaged as far as the elbow, the top part being very large and ornamented with jockeys, embroidered with braid; also a dress in gros d'Afrique, the color a kind of reddish gray; the bottom of the cape ornamented with two rows of fringe and a heading of net work.

Scarfs.—A new form of scarf is at this moment much worn; it is called the bournouf scarf, and remarkable for the elegance of the ornaments with which it is decorated, the form of it being such as to shade the waist—at the same time by placing its folds it is so arranged as to form large sleeves, through which the arms may be passed or not, according to the fancy of its fair wearer.

Colors.—The most predominant colors for this month are aile de mouche, scabieuse, purple, ruby and crimson; also, a few shades of dark greens, and grenat.—*World of Fashion.*

The fly's wing velvet is described as having obtained the highest success for redingotes, and even evening dresses. A dress of this latter description of fabric was ornamented with English point lace, on the sleeves, corsage, and down the front, and produced a very beautiful effect. A brocade with silver ground, flowered, worked besides with rose colored silk, was made in the tunic fashion with piping extending down the borders. A splendid toilette was composed of blue satin, made in the form of a redingote elegantly embroidered and ornamented with borders of Alencon lace; the embroidery followed the direction of the lace in the various windings, giving a very admirable finish to the dress. The moire and ambre, among the Pekins have gained great vogue for general use, their applicability to various occasions, whether morning or evening dress, has obtained them this preference.

Caps, Bonnets, &c.—Among the very elegant introductions which have been admitted into the elite of the fashionable circles, may be especially distinguished, the Couronne Petrarch which, arranged tastefully on the head, slightly on one side, with the laurel rose as an embellishment, and the flowing blonde barbes in addition, has a most charming effect. The coiffure Amie d'Autriche composed of velvet, mingled with gauze of gold tissue and with gold acorns pendant to terminate it, has a very beautiful appearance. Another coiffure has been signalized as among the most recherche of the season, the Blanche de Castille; the crown is formed of a resille of pearls and gold, the rolls of velvet intermixed with chefs of pearls and gold, terminated by fringes in the same style, which fall on each side of the neck. The Bonnet donatriere is composed of a double crown of rose buds separated by bouillonnes of blond, which form little puffs above the ears. A very elegant appearance this latter coiffure exhibits, and peculiarly appropriate for the young, and persons possessing rather full features. The toque Marie Antoinette has obtained great vogue. There is a degree of buoyancy in its appearance, which advantageously contrasts with many of those which are equally fashionable—such, for instance, as the Couronne Petrarch. The Coiffure Bohemienne in velvet, with a pendant gold acorn, is also a most tasteful novelty. The little Genivieve cape, with its lightly sprinkled and tastefully arranged mixture of flowers and lace, is a remarkably simple and pretty coiffure.

Cloaks, &c.—Among the elegant and fashionable additions to our costume, that for the promenade in particular, may be mentioned the Bournouse scarf. For embellishment this very becoming article of dress may have passementerie, embroidery or lace. The shape assumes the form of the person and ties gracefully into the waist, the folds so disposed as to fall gracefully into large sleeves, which may or may not be used at pleasure. The Armenian cloak has had no inconsiderable degree of success; when composed of velvet, trimmed with fur or cloth, with embroidery, *en soutaches*, it is equally becoming. A most beautiful introduction is that of the velvet redingotes, ornamented in front, around the pelerine and sleeves, by very elegant embroideries in rounded silk, forming perfect relief.—*Beau Monde.*

HEALTH OFFICE, DECEMBER 31, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 17th to the 24th of December.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Anthrax,	1	0	Brought over,	32	28
Anemia,	1	0	——Typhoid,	1	0
Apoplexy,	2	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	1
Burns,	0	1	——Bronchi,	1	3
Casualties,	0	1	——Lungs,	2	3
Croup,	0	2	——Bowels,	0	1
Congestion of Lungs,	1	0	——Peritoneum,	2	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	16	0	——Throat,	0	1
Convulsions,	2	3	Inanition,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	1	1	Jaundice,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	1	Marasmus,	1	1
——Head,	0	4	Old Age,	6	0
——Breast,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	1	1	Softening of Brain,	1	0
——Heart,	0	1	Small Pox,	0	1
——Lungs,	1	0	Still Born,	0	4
——Spine,	0	1	Tumor,	0	1
——Bowels,	0	1	Ulcers,	1	0
Erysipelas,	0	1	Ulcerated sore throat,	0	1
Fever,	1	1	Unknown,	1	2
——Puerperal,	2	0	Whooping Cough,	0	1
——Scarlet,	1	10	Worms,	0	1
Carried over,	32	28	Total, 100	50	50

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 8 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Dec. 18,	26	34	35
19,	29	35	41
20,	32	37	41
21,	36	37	40
22,	41	44	43
23,	21	23	25
24,	20	24	27

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS of administration upon the estate of Patrick J. Redmond, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber by the County Court of Tuscaloosa County; notice is hereby given to all persons entitled to the distribution, as heirs of said deceased, to make the same known to me, as preparatory to a final settlement of said estate. dec 31-6t

Tuscaloosa, Dec 7, 1842. WM. G. PARISH, Adm'r.

Happy New Year.—In the midst of our merry making and good humor, let us not forget that moderation, both in eating and drinking, is the only rational means of securing to ourselves a Happy New Year.

It is not our purpose to encourage any species of intemperance; yet as the most circumspect may at times be seduced into an overloading of the digestive organs, we may be permitted to recommend Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, as the most effectual medicine in the world for removing Headache, Sick Stomach, Loss of appetite, Lowness of Spirits, and all other complaints which arise from an over-indulgence, at the table.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every name from the body.

Beware of travelling impostors. Country Agents and Storekeepers are respectfully informed, that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, sold by one V. O. Falck, and his partner David Parker, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and that neither of the above individuals have any authority for selling the genuine medicine.

It should be remembered that all authorized travelling agents are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice President of the North American College of Health. Consequently, travellers who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate of agency as above described, will be known as impostors.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, number 169, RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288, Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198, Tremont Street, Boston.

N.B.—*Be particular to ask for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, and beware of the travelling impostors.

Sands' Sarsaparilla.—"Knowledge is wealth"—is power; it is the key that unlocks the storehouses of creation and unfolds to us the treasures of the universe. No species of knowledge is more important than that which teaches man to know himself, and the best means of securing his own happiness. What signifies wealth without health, the most precious earthly boon?" That which furnishes the means of marching off and repelling disease is of more value than rubies, and more precious than fine gold. How much anguish, pain and suffering might be saved by knowing what to do!

The reader is respectfully requested to remember that Sands' Sarsaparilla, a purely vegetable composition, will immediately relieve and permanently cure diseases having their origin in an ill-conditioned and unhealthy state of the vital fluids, hence Prodigestion caused by an undue secretion of the gastric juice—Dyspepsia, attended with acidity of the stomach, chronic disease of the Liver, producing unhealthy bile—Scrofula of the Lungs, which, if not relieved, soon cause a deposit of tuberculous matter which results in death—Rheumatism and Gout, accompanied with enlargement and pain of the joints; obstinate cutaneous eruptions, viz: Ringworm, Scaldhead, Eczema, Scabies, Tetter and other similar affections, are removed by its use.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. Sands & Co., No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., and by F. Klett & Co., corner 2d and Callowhill sts. Price, $1 per bottle.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
86 shares	United States Bank,	2
75 do.	Pittsburg Bank,	37½
60 do.	Kentucky Bank,	43¾
50 do.	Wilmington R. R.	6¾
45 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	6¼
30 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	40
20 do.	Mechanics Bank,	12
17 do.	Southwark Fire Ins. Co.	12
10 do.	Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co.	110½
4 do.	Commercial Bank,	30½
$1000	Wilmington R. R., 6's, 1848,	58
$5000	do. 6's, 1855,	58
$1390 23	Lehigh 6's, mortgage loan,	45
$1000	Kentucky Bonds,	79½
$500	Reading R. R. 6's, 1847, Bonds,	49½
$597	State 5's, 1853,	43½
$950	do. 1854,	43½
$25	State 6's, 1843,	51
$190	Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	40½
$5000	Tenn. Bonds, 5 per cts.	61½

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	9a10	Fowls, killed,	31a68¾
" middling,	4a 6	" Live,	31a50
" corned,	4a 7	Pigeons, wild,	12a20
" Dried,	8a10	" Tame,	18a25
Pork in hog,	4a 4½	Pheasants, pair,	37a50
" Cut,	5a 8	Quails, pair,	20a25
" Pickled,	6a 7	Salmon, fresh, lb.	12a15
Hams, cured,	8a10	" Dry,	18a18¾
" Green,	6a 7	" Pickled,	10a12
" Shoulders,	4a 5	Cod, fresh,	4a 5
" Jowls,	3a 4	" Pickled	3a 4
Pigs, whole,	50a$1	Rock, string,	25a31
" Feet, set,	10a15	" Per lb.	6a 7
Tongue Beef's,	35a52	Perch per string,	15a25
" Buffalo,	50a80	Wheat Flour, ¼ cwt	70a75
" Sheep, doz.	25a31	" Rye,	56a62½
Sausage, Jersey, lb.	8a10	Meal, Indian, ¼ pk.	8a 9
" Butchers,	6a 7	Buckwheat qr. cwt.	62a68
" Dried,	10a12	Potatoes, basket,	25a31
Lard, Jersey,	9a10	" Half peck,	5a 6
" Butchers,	6a 7	" Sweet, ½ pk.	10a12
Butter, fresh,	16a20	Apples, basket,	75a$1
" Roll,	12a13	" Half peck,	10a15
" Firkin,	11a12	" Dried half pk	15a18¾
Cheese, R. I.	8a10	Dried Peaches,	30a40
" Jersey,	6a 7	" Pears,	30a35
" Cottage,	5a 6	" Cherries, qt	6a 7
" Souse,	8a10	Beans, white,	9a10
Mutton	4a 5	" Lima,	10a12½
Lamb,	5a 6	Hominy,	8a 9
Venison,	10a14	Cranberries quart,	12a15
Veal,	4a 7	Chesnuts	10a12
Scrapple,	5a 6	Shellbarks,	3a 4
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Sand Peas,	7a 8
Rabbit, gray,	6a12½	Walnuts qr. peck,	4a 5
" White,	10a20	Parsnips, do	3a 4
Opossum,	15a30	Turnips, do	3a 4
Terrapins half doz.	$2a$2½	Beets, bunch,	3a 5
Oysters per 100,	20a35	Carrots, do	2a 3
Turkeys, wild,	75a$1½	Cellery, do	3a 6
" Tame,	44a$1½	Onions rope,	6a 8
Geese, wild,	75a81	Pickles, per 100,	25a31½
" Tame,	40a75	Horseradish, root,	1a 2
Ducks, wild, pair,	75a81	Cabbage, head,	2a 4
" Tame,	44a68	Honey per lb,	12a15
Guinea Fowls, pair,	31a40	Eggs, per doz.	20a25

The markets this week have been very thinly attended. For two or three days preceding Christmas our market was so overstocked with country produce, and poultry that our country friends have wisely concluded there could be no demand yet for more, and so have staid away.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Remarks.—As is invariably the case at this period of the year, owing to the Christmas holidays, but few transactions have taken place since Friday week. There has been considerable floating ice in the river, and nearly all the vessels that were up for foreign ports have sailed.

Bark—No sales, and prices are nominal.

Coffee—But few transactions have taken place, and prices are steady.

Flour and Meal—The supplies of Flour and Meal have entirely ceased by water; by the Columbia Railway they amount to about 900 bbls daily. The demand for Flour continues limited, and some 800a1000 barrels have been sold for export at $4,12½ per bbl, which is 6 cts decline. Rye Flour—Market very quiet. Corn Meal—Scarce and enquired after. An advance on former prices could be obtained for bbls.

Fruit—About 800 boxes Malaga Bunch Raisins have been sold, chiefly for export, at $1.50 per box.

Grain—The market is scantily supplied with all kinds of Grain, and the transactions have been limited. No arrivals by water. Wheat—No sales. We quote 87a90 cts per bushel for good Pa. red. Rye—Last sale of Pa. was at 56 cts. Corn—A sale of Southern flat yellow at 43 cts; white is worth 40a41 cents. Oats—Last sales of Southern were at 22½ cts.

Drugs and Dyes—Sales of 20 chests Turkey Opium at about $1.25 per lb, 4 mos. Stock small, and now held at $2 50.

Sugars—Market inactive, and no sales of any extent.—*North American.*

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia, Dec. 24.—Cattle—478 Beeves in market, viz:—28 Kentucky cattle, fed by Gov. Shelby, of Kentucky, and destined for the N. York market, two of which gave out, and were sold to a Philada. butcher at 6¼ cts per lb, owing to their superior quality. 450 Pa. cattle sold for 4a5 cents, and some extra were sold at 6 cts. 223 Cows and Calves, sales from $17 to $23, extra $30; Springers, $9a$14 each; Dry Cows, $3a$11 each; 400 Hogs in market, sales from $4a$4,25, 67 left over. 1110 Sheep in market, sales from $1a$1,25, extra $2.

New York, Dec. 26.—At market, 925 head fresh Cattle—100 from the South: 30 Cows and Calves, and 800 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—Owing to the holidays prices are not quite so firm as last week, and the sales are from $3.50 to 6 for best cattle. Cows and Calves—All at market taken at $21a$35. Sheep and Lambs—All sold at 1.50 to $4 for Sheep, and 1 to $2.25 for Lambs. Hay—56a62½ cts per cwt for loose. Straw $2.50 per load of 100 bundles.

Baltimore, Dec. 26.—Cattle—The supply of Beef Cattle was very light—only 175 head. About 90 were sold at $3a4.50 net as in quality. Hogs—Sales of live Hogs to packers at $3,12½ per 100 lbs.

STOCKTON'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE SALE OF INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, GOLD FOIL, etc. etc. etc.

Second floor of the Ledger Buildings, South West corner of Third and Chesnut street, Philada. and at 243 Broadway, New York, opposite the Park.

S. W. STOCKTON respectfully notifies the Dental Profession and Druggists, that he has now on hand a new and general assortment of very superior Plate, Pivot, Molar, Bicuspid and Gum Incorruptible Teeth, wholesale and retail, equal to any he has hitherto manufactured, together with almost every description of Dental Instruments now in use, comprising Trade, Gold Mounted Mirrors, Scissors, Keys, Mouth Glasses, Drill Bows, etc. etc. Pearl, Agate and Ivory, Gold and Silver Mounted Instruments, for all necessary purposes. Gold and Silver Plate and Wire, Jones Gold and Tin Foil. Lathes (a first rate article for grinding teeth) Dental Files of various descriptions. Compressed Hickory Pivots, Tooth Powders, Brushes etc. The above articles may be had at the most reasonable prices.

P. S. Particular attention will be given to select teeth according to order.

P. S. Dental Cases carefully put up to order. All cash orders will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. *Dentists are cautioned against* … *as well as my manufacture, teeth of their own production.* dec 31-6m

THIS DAY PUBLISHED—PART 1 of A DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES and MINES, by ANDREW URE, M. D., F. R. S., etc. etc. Illustrated with 1241 Engravings, to be completed in *Five One Dollar Monthly* parts. The first part containing 200 pages of letter press, and upwards of 360 Engravings.

"The work is indeed what it professes to be, an encyclopedia of every thing in the Arts, Manufactures and Mines. The facts are derived from sources of unquestionable authority, and the explanations are clear, comprehensive, and satisfactory. We regard the publication not only as one of the most useful, but one of the cheapest of the day—each volume being for practical purposes, worth a dozen novels. The information contained in the pages of this Dictionary is in a great measure imperishable, and may be referred to with as much confidence many years to come as now. How much better the gift of such a work to a student, an artist, a manufacturer, than any of the trashy productions with which the press is so constantly teeming."—*Inquirer.*

Published and for sale by GEO. S. APPLETON, 148 Chesnut street. dec 31

ALMANAC.

Jan. 1843.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases.
31 Saturday,	7 24	4 36	1 45	
1 Sunday,	7 23	4 37	2 31	D. H. M.
2 Monday,	7 23	4 37	3 24	
3 Tuesday,	7 23	4 37	4 10	First 8 3 3
4 Wednes.	7 22	4 38	4 58	Full 16 3 16
5 Thursday,	7 22	4 38	5 33	L'st 23 7 48
6 Friday,	7 21	4 39	6 11	New 30 7 46
7 Saturday,	7 21	4 39	6 51	

Married,

On Fifth-day, the 22d inst. according to the order of the Society of Friends, Barclay White, to Rebecca M. daughter of Restore S. Lamb, both of Springfield, Burlington county, N. J.

On Fifth-day evening, the 22d inst. by John M. Scott, Mayor, Nathan Middleton, of Philadelphia, to Eliza M. Whitaker, of Pemberton, N. J.

On the 29th Nov. by the Rev. Alfred Hamilton, Mr. Christian Warner, of Lancaster county, to Miss Sophia M. Addis, of Chester county.

On the 27th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Saml. Baily, to Mrs. Mary McCandless, daughter of Maj. Wm. Graham, Jr. all of Pittsburg, Pa.

On the 23th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Castle, John S. Pritchard, to Maria Louisa, daughter of the late John Algeo, Esq. all of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Atwood, Mr. Richard Herbin, to Miss Mary Beesly, all of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Frederick Ogilby, Mr. Jacob H. Binns, of this city, to Miss Sarah V. Lawrenson, of Moyamensing.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Henry Ritter, Jr. of this city, to Miss Mary Morrison, of Southwark.

On the 26th instant, at Fairmount, James Tracanor, aged 55, to Miss Elizabeth Powell, aged 17, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 25th inst. by the Rev. Asher Moore, Thomas Foster, of Cape May, to Cordelia Corbie, daughter of John G. Harder, of Philadelphia.

At Lancaster city, on Wednesday, the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Higgins, Henry Dubree, of Unionville, Chester county, to Ann E. Nichols, of Newlin Township, Chester county.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. Andrew Eckel, merchant, to Miss Jane A. Thompson, all of this city.

On the 21st instant, by the same, Mr. Franklin Richardson, merchant, to Rebecca G. Weaver, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Newton, Francis Thibault, to Emma E. daughter of Wm. Diehl, Esq.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Geo. Galbreath, James R. Robinson, of Delaware, to Miss Rosetta Brown, of this city.

In this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. C. Douglass, Thomas Andrew, formerly of Caroline county, Md. to Sarah W. Argo, of Kent county, Del.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. John Kennaday, Leopold M. J. Lemmeck, of this city, to Mary H. Calloway, of Southwark.

On the 22d inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. John Free, to Mrs. Elizabeth Bonsall.

On the 22d inst. by Alderman John Laws, Quincy C. Hamilton, to Elizabeth Betts, both of Buckingham Township, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 14th inst. in Allegheny city, Pa. by the Rev. George Upfold, the Hon. John Thompson Mason, of Md. to Margaret A. Cowan, daughter of Christopher Cowan, deceased.

In Reading, 29th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Becher, Mr. Samuel W. Beecher, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter to Mr. Samuel Stauffer, all of Lancaster county.

Same day, by the Rev. George Mentzer, Mr. Isaac Yocum, of Berks county, to Miss Ann, daughter of Mr. Abraham Shantz, of Chester county.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Davison, Mr. Thos. Rambo, to Miss Elizabeth Richards, both of Reading.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Theodore C. Heyl, to Julia, daughter of the late Geo. Smith.

TO VIRGINIA CHAPMAN.

(Written on the night of her Marriage, Dec. 14th, 1842.)

"There is a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills, and love on till they die!"—*Moore.*

Methinks I see thee standing now,
And pledging with a faltering tongue,
The deep devotedness of heart,
Which olden poets, praising, sung!

What strange emotions fill'd thy soul
As, trusting in an aid divine,
Thou vow'dst to be "a loving wife
And faithful" to the choice of thine!

I thought I read upon thy face,
The mingled feeling thrilling through
Thine artless breast while thou did'st prove
Thine oft breathed vows of love were true.

I thought I saw the struggle there,
'Twixt love of *home* and love of *him*—
'T was but a moment, for thy heart
Had treasured not a woman's whim;

But deep affection in it born'd;
And thou would'st gladly leave thy home
And parents, brothers, sister,—all!—
With him through life the world to roam!

And while mine eyes thee rested on
Thy form in bridal dress array'd,
A thousand hopes and mem'ries throng'd
Upon my mind—and then I pray'd

The life might by a happy one,
From earthly cares and sorrows free;
That he thou lov'st might ever prove
What *now* he seems to be to thee!

It is a holy sight to see
A binding thus of heart to heart,
With silken bands of trusting love,—
A tie which Death alone can part!

And 'tis a high and holy trust
Which Marriage has imposed on *thee*—
To love and cherish him as well
In grief as in prosperity!

Oh! may the rays of love and hope,
That gild thy flow'ry pathway now,
Forever fall to bless thy lot,
And chase each sorrow from thy brow!

And may the arm of God protect
And guide thy life unto its even;
His Spirit ever cheer thy heart,
Until he calls thee up to Heaven!—Fielding.

Died,

On the 25th inst. of disease of the heart, Joseph Lukens, in the 71st year of his age.

On the 25th inst. Elizabeth Perry, in the 39th year of her age.

On the 26th instant, in the 40th year of her age, Miss Mary A. Westenberger, daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth Westenberger.

On the 27th inst. Mr. Charles S. Barnes, in the 42d year of his age.

On the 25th inst. Andrew Leiman in the 73d year of his age.

On the 26th instant, Mr. Jeremiah Souder, aged 36 years.

On the 27th inst. of scarlatina, Catharine, only child of Daniel S. and Margaret Bodemer, in the 6th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 25th inst. in the 50th year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Taylor, of this city.

On the 25th inst. of bronchitis, in the 31st year of his age, Mr. Edward Bacon, late of Sunbury, Ct.

On the 26th inst. after a long and distressing illness, James H. Bready, in the 32d year of his age.

On the 26th instant, of scarlet fever, Alexandrine Stanton, daughter of Col. Henry Stanton, U.S. Army, aged 1 year and 11 months.

On the 27th inst. after a painful illness, Martha Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Henry and Margaret Mecke, aged 23 months.

On the 27th inst. Helen, daughter of Saml. and Mary B. Tobey, aged 16 months.

On the 25th inst. Susan B. only daughter of Wm. W. Keen, aged 3 years.

On the 24th inst. Mary, widow of John Hoope, Esq. late of St. Croix.

On the 22th inst. Morris, only child of Morris S. Miller, U. S. Army, aged 1 year.

At Washington, on the 23d instant, Mrs. Pamela B. Lane, aged 27 years, wife of the Hon. Henry S. Lane.

At Mount Desert, Me., David Wasgate, Esq. aged 84 years, a native of Massachusetts, and a soldier in the revolutionary war.

On the 23d inst. Mrs. Sarah Miller, aged 58 years.

At the residence of his father, near Georgetown, Del. on the 18th inst. George P. Anderson, aged 25 years.

On the 23d inst. Geo. Washington, youngest son of Joseph and Mary Orall, aged 17 months and 19 days.

On the 6th inst. at the residence of her brother-in-law, Wm. M. Tolbert, in Brandon, Miss., Catharine B. Estlin, late of Philadelphia.

At South Branch, on the 5th inst. Andrew A. Tenbrook, Sr. in the 81st year of his age.

On the 23d inst. Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Wm. Thaw, aged 43 years.

On the 25th inst. of cancer, Mrs. Mary Wright, in the 65th year of her age.

On the 23d inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Snider, in the 84th year of his age.

On the 22d inst. Joseph W. Smith, of this city, in the 48th year of his age.

On the 22d inst. Mary M. daughter of Samuel and Matilda Tomlin, aged 2 years.

On the 21st inst. Hannah Picken, aged 57 years.

On the 21st inst. Mary Jane, daughter of South and Cordelia Crowell.

On the 21st inst. Rebecca, wife of Alexander A. Stitt, Jr. aged 23 years.

On the 22d inst. Joseph Berry, aged 2 years and 2 months.

At Mohegan, on the 19th inst. John Uncas, aged 89 years, the last male of the royal line of the celebrated chief of that name.

At Lincoln Centre, Maine, on the 12th inst. Mary, wife of Jacob Chamberlin, and daughter of the late Capt. John Woods, of this city.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Melchor Larer, aged 75 years.

On the 25th inst. Susan R. only daughter of Wm. B. Keen, in the 3d year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 17th inst. whilst on a visit to Pottsville, Mr. Joseph Shomo, of Hamburg, Berks county, aged about 50 years.

In Reading, on the 20th inst. after a short illness, the Rev. Charles Helfenstine, in the 66th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Catharine, daughter of Col. Henry Staunton, U. S. Army.

On the 15th inst. of pulmonary consumption, Harriet, wife of John McKay, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. Gertrude, infant daughter of John M. and Jane B. Dutton.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, after a short illness, at his residence, Chesnut Level, Lancaster county, Pa. Dec. 18, 1842, Philip Housekeeper, Esq. in the 73d year of his age.

It is pleasant and oftimes profitable to advert to the character and call up to view the prominent traits which distinguish those, who, in the order of Providence, have occupied important positions in society, and exerted commanding influence over their fellow men. Instruction may thus be attained, well adapted to qualify us the better to act our part on the great theatre of life.

Mr. Housekeeper was no ordinary man—Possessing great energy of character, much firmness of purpose and unyielding perseverance, regulated by a well informed judgment, it is not surprising that he should have attained to much influence in the community in which he spent his life.

An apparent austerity was soon removed by intimate acquaintance, and revealed the existence of much kindness of heart and disinterestedness of purpose. Strong in his attachments, his friendship once secured could be relied upon as enduring. The industrious poor ever found in him a patron and a friend. In the domestic relations of husband and father, uniform kindness and affection marked his character. His afflicted widow, the companion of his youth, and the solace of his old age, can well attest the constancy of his attachment, and the affectionate interest which he ever manifested towards her—and bereaved children hurried from a distance to witness the closing scene of a fond father's life, though not permitted to hear his dying counsels, will not soon forget his many instructions communicated in early life, urging them to rectitude of conduct.

The sudden and unexpected call, which hurried our friend to his last account, solemnly admonishes all to watch, not knowing the day or the hour in which the son of man may come. "Be ye also ready."

AMICUS.

Bank Note List

MA[INE].	
Calais bank,	
Agricultural bank,	
City bk. Portland,	
Damariscotta,	-
Mercantile bank,	-
Stillwater canal bk.	-
Bangor Com. bank,	-
Westbrook bank,	-
Citizens bank,	-
Globe bank,	-
Washington co.	-
Frankford bank,	-
All solvent banks	½a¾
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½a¾
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	5
Bk. of Bennington,	20 dis
All solvent banks	½a¾
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½a¾
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½a¾
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk, Seneca co.	50
Com bk. New York	2½
Lafayette bank,	-
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	-
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	-
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co.	30
Com bk. Buffalo,	30
All solvent banks,	¾a1
Country banks, Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co. Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters,	dis / Broke
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Backs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	nomi'l
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	7 dis
Moyamensing bank	5 dis
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes,	53 dis
Girard do.	48 dis
Penna. do.	12½ dis
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	8 dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	22½ dis
Lancaster bank,	1½ dis
Far. bk Lancaster,	1½ dis
Lebanon,	7 dis
Harrisburg,	8½ dis
Middletown,	7½ dis
Towanda,	
York,	
Gettysburg,	
Chambersburg,	
Waynesburg, p. notes,	
" demand notes,	11
Brownsville p. notes,	4 dis
" demand notes,	4 dis
Erie,	6 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	10 dis
Lewistown,	17 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	10 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	¼ dis
Pampsco banks,	3 dis
Mineral bank,	3 dis
Fredericktown,	3 dis
Hagerstown,	3 dis
Westminster,	3 dis
Williamsport,	3 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	7½ dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk	2 dis
Broken bks. various	prices
Balt. Ohio R.R. notes,	40 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City, Georgetown, Far. & Mechanics, Alexandria,	¾ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch,	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	
Wheeling post notes,	4 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	2
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	3
Small notes	4
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phenix bk.	-
Exchange bk.	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk. of Mill.	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Ruckserv. Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	12 dis
Small notes	13 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	4 dis
Bank notes,	4 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	65 dis
State bank,	65 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	3½ dis
Small Notes,	5 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	5
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	4 dis
FLORIDA.	
S'rn Life & Tr. Co.	-
CANADA.	
Montreal	5
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ¼ prm.
" Boston,	¼ dis
" Baltimore,	¼ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	11 dis
City Relief Notes,	13½ dis

PROSPECTUS OF THE SELECT LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.—One of the distinguishing features of the day is the multiplication of cheap books. Publications of this kind have been confined, with a few exceptions, to works entirely nugatory in point of good morals or positively injurious to them.

The subscriber proposes the publication of a Monthly Library, in which he will offer to the notice of the community a series of works of another character, which, from the high price at which they are held, are almost sealed books, except to the wealthy.

The first of the series will be D'Aubigne's History of the Great Reformation in Germany and Switzerland. At this time, when the efforts of the Roman Catholic clergy to extend their religion, and as many believe civil sway over our country, are so untiring, the general diffusion of this work cannot but be advantageous to the cause of civil and religious freedom. The historian has discharged his task with singular fidelity and ability. The ever varying scenes of that eventful period pass before the eye in the most vivid manner, producing effects as far surpassing in interest as in truth the highest efforts of dramatic skill. The characters of Luther and the other leading Reformers, as well as those of the champions of the church of Rome, are depicted with a force that imparts to them the reality and beauty of the most masterly paintings. They "live, move, and have a being," though centuries have elapsed since they played their part in the most eventful drama of modern age.

This work has the commendation of the Protestant clergy of both our own country and Europe, and has passed through several editions even in its present costly form. It will be published in five monthly numbers, each containing about 160 pages of the American book copy, and at one-sixth the price of the present edition. The first number will be issued about the middle of January. The present work will be followed by others of a similar character.

Price per number 15 cents; or, $1.00 a year for the Library.

☞ All orders must be post paid and accompanied by a remittance.

*** Post-masters are authorized to frank letters containing remittances for periodicals. JAMES M. CAMPBELL,
Philada. 24th Dec. 1842. 98 Chesnut street.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We take pleasure in commending the above work to the public as possessing all the advantages set forth in the prospectus, and highly recommend its general circulation.

John A. Clark, Rector of St. Andrew's Church.
Edmund Neville, Rector of St. Philip's Church.
George W. Bethune, Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church.
Joel Parker, Pastor of Clinton street Presbyterian Church.
H. A. Boardman, Pastor of Walnut street Presbyterian Church.
John McDowell, Pastor of Central Presbyterian Church.
J. Kennaday, Pastor of Methodist Episcopal Church.
J. Lansing Burrows, Pastor of Sansom street Church.
George B. Ide, Pastor of First Baptist Church. dec 31-3t

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of JAMES CARSON, late of Lower Dublin Township, Philadelphia county, gardener, deceased, are requested to make payment, and those having demands against the same to present them for settlement to JOHN RISDON, Farmer, Lower Dublin. dec 31-6t*

DR. H. H. HIGBEE'S REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES.

The lamented death of the late H. H. Higbee, M. D., has imposed upon those who represent the interest of his family, the duty of presenting to the public his valuable preparation in medicine. It is well known that Dr. Higbee adopted this formula while suffering under a severe attack of disease, which in his own opinion and that of his medical friends, was confirmed CONSUMPTION. His prescription was completely efficacious in his own case, for although both before and after the attack just mentioned his constitution was delicate, he had no return of the pulmonary disease. In his practice, he found his remedy most salutary and efficient, always affording more or less relief, and in many cases which he would otherwise have deemed beyond the reach of medicine, accomplishing a permanent cure. Yet he never intended to offer his preparation to the world as an *infallible* or a *universal* remedy, never as a *specific*, never as a *panacea*, but simply as the best prescription he knew of for a disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

As he in his lifetime conscientiously tendered it to the afflicted, so it is now presented. In some cases, of course nothing more than temporary relief can be expected, while in very many, the faithful use of it according to the instructions of Dr. Higbee will effect a cure.

The following extracts from letters of two gentlemen of high professional standing, may serve to show the light in which the preparation of Dr. Higbee is viewed by candid and intelligent members of the faculty.

[Extract of a Letter, etc.]
Trenton N. J. January 30, 1840.

"Dr. Coleman to Dr. Burrough:

"Dear Sir.—An intimate acquaintance with Dr. H. H. Higbee whilst he was practising medicine in the same neighborhood with myself, has given me a good opportunity of speaking of his merits as a physician, and of the estimation in which he was held as a citizen. It was my opinion at that time that he was a better reasoner in his profession, and had more regard for the principles of medicine than the generality of physicians. His practice was extensive, and his skill never questioned by the intelligent. His gentlemanly and amiable deportment gained him many friends, and his removal from the neighborhood was much regretted. I was called to Dr. Higbee when he was suffering from a severe attack of Hemoptysis. His lungs were carefully examined, and judging from his past consumptive appearance and his condition at the time of my visits, I thought he could not recover. He, however, gradually gained health and resumed his practice. His recovery was at that time mainly attributed to the medicine he has since offered for sale. He showed me the prescription, etc etc. I afterwards used the same prescription in cases where it was indicated, and always without being dissatisfied with its effects—resorting to it as a physician would to a well proven remedy, expecting much from it in certain stages of disease, but certainly not looking for it to restore disorganized structure &c. &c. &c.

"Very respectfully James B. Coleman.

"To M. Burrough, M. D."

[Extract from Dr. Burrough's Letter in reply to the above.]
Camden, N. J. February 1, 1840.

"Dear Sir—Referring to that portion of your letter of the 30th ult. in which you speak of Dr. H. H. Higbee and of the character of his medicine—recommended in the treatment of pulmonary diseases—I fully appreciate his worth, and concur with you in the opinions expressed of the very valuable preparation. I have known the Dr. from his youth, and have long been honored with his confidence and friendship, and it was in the spirit of that friendship that about eighteen months ago he disclosed to me (unsolicited) the Composition of his Pulmonary Remedy, so extensively used throughout our country.

Since then opportunities have presented of testing the efficacy of the medicine in several well marked cases of disease, and when administered as recommended by its author, it has seldom failed in affording benefit to the patient, if not permanent relief. My experience and observation, therefore, in the use of the preparation of Dr. Higbee, enables me to regard the formula of great value in the treatment of pulmonary complaints, and worthy of public confidence.

M. BURROUGH.

To James B. Coleman, M. D., Trenton, N. J.

This medicine will continue to be prepared according to the original prescription, which is now in the hands of the widow of Dr. Higbee. It will be put up and labelled as heretofore, each label bearing the signature of "E. Higbee," and will be accompanied by the printed instructions of Dr. Higbee, yet as in many instances the patient may find the advice of a physician desirable, Dr. Burrough very kindly allows himself to be consulted where personal application is made to him (not by letter) at his office No. 159 North SEVENTH street.

The office of the Agency for the sale of the Pulmonary Remedy, and other medicinal preparations of Dr. Higbee, is at No. 159 RACE (or Sassafras) street, opposite Crown St., in the city of Philadelphia. dec 17 3m

INFORMATION IS WANTED OF PATRICK McCOY, son of Neal McCoy, of county of Donegal, Parish of Kilmacrenan, town of Skitry, Ireland. Said Patrick came to Canada about eight years ago, and it is thought he since came to the State of New York. His two brothers who are now in Philadelphia are anxious to hear from him. Any information relative to him will be gladly received by letter or otherwise addressed to Neal McCoy, care of Chas. Lafferty, corner of Lombard and Schuylkill Second street, Philadelphia. dec 10-4t*

☞ Other editors will please give one or two insertions.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.—The subscriber respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public to his assortment of Books for Presents for the coming Holidays among which will be found all the Annuals for 1843. A beautiful variety of Bibles and Prayer Books, and a large assortment of Miscellaneous Books in handsome binding suitable for children or adults, for sale at the lowest prices. JAMES M. SIMON, 5th street above Spruce, late … Bookstore. dec 10-4t

… Gout, and … from the body …

For the same … morphene, or any … and the humors which … inwardly, causing headache … pain in the bones, watery and …

SORE THROAT, … consumptions, rheumatic pains … the body, and many other symptoms … WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will give immediate relief. From three to six of said pills taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, not only remove all the above unpleasant symptoms, but the body will, in a short time, be restored to even sounder health than before.

In all cases of ASTHMA.

Or difficulty of breathing, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a delightful medicine, because they carry off, by the stomach and bowels, those phlegmy humors which not only stop up the air cells of the lungs, and give rise to the above dreadful complaint, but when neglected, often terminate in that fatal malady, called

CONSUMPTION.

It should also be remembered, that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for

PAIN IN THE SIDE,

Oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptom of a torpid or diseased state of the liver; because they purge from the body those impurities, which, if deposited upon this important organ, are the cause of every variety of

LIVER COMPLAINT.

As a further evidence that the principle of curing disease by cleansing and purifying the body, is strictly in accordance with the laws which govern the animal economy; and if properly carried out by the use of

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Will certainly result in the complete abolition of disease; we offer the following testimonials, from persons of the highest respectability in New York, who have recently been cured of the most obstinate complaints, solely by the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills of the North American College of Health.

Jamaica, L. I. June 9th, 1841.

Doctor William Wright—Dear Sir—It is with great satisfaction I inform you of my having been entirely cured of Dyspepsia, of five years standing, by the use of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Previous to meeting with your celebrated medicine, I had been under the hands of several physicians, and had tried various medicines, but all to no effect. After using one 25 cent box of your pills, however, I experienced so much benefit, that I resolved to persevere in the use of them according to directions, which I am happy to state has resulted in a perfect cure. In gratitude to you for the great benefit I have received, and also in the hope that others similarly afflicted may be induced to make trial of your extraordinary medicine, I send you this statement with full liberty to publish the same if you think proper. Yours, etc.

New York, June 19, 1841. G. C. BLACK.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, No. 288 Greenwich street, N. Y.

Dear Sir—At your recommendation, I some time since made trial of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills of the North American College of Health; and can conscientiously assert that for purifying the blood, and renovating the system, I have received more benefit from their use, than from any other medicine it has heretofore been my good fortune to meet with. I am, dear sir, with many thanks, your obliged friend, CHAS. M. TATE, No. 66 Hammersly street, New York.

Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Dear Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with inward weakness and general debility, accompanied at times with pains in the side and other distressing complaints. After having tried various medicines without effect, I was persuaded by a friend to make trial of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which I am happy to state have relieved me in a most wonderful manner. I have used the medicine as yet but a short time, and have no doubt by a perseverance in the use of the medicine according to directions, that I shall in a short time be perfectly restored.

I most willingly recommend said Pills to all persons similarly afflicted; and in the full belief that the same beneficial results will follow their use, I remain yours sincerely, HENRY A. FOOTE, Warwasing, Ulster county, New York.

New York, Sept. 29, 1841.

This is to certify that I have used Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills with the greatest benefit; having entirely cured myself of the frequent attacks of Sick Headache, to which I had previously been subject.

ANN MARIA THOMPSON, 293 Greenwich street, N. Y.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

BEWARE OF TRAVELLING IMPOSTORS.

As the great popularity of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, the public will be on their guard against the various impostors who are travelling about the country, selling, to the unsuspecting store-keeper, a spurious article for the genuine. Country agents and store-keepers should remember that all who travel with the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of the N. A. Coll. of Health; consequently, travellers who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as base impostors.

The public are respectfully informed that Pills made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by himself, and a young man named David Parker, son of Samuel Parker, of Philadelphia, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and, moreover as the above men sell at a reduced price, it is absolutely impossible for them to have the genuine medicine for sale.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from persons of known integrity, and in all cases to be particular to see the certificate of agency for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained from Isaac F. Cook, No. 36½ Baltimore street, Baltimore; and also at the offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the Medicine, Wholesale and Retail, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

N. B.—*Beware of travelling impostors.* oct 4 3d

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint name of JOHNSON & GREEN.

Office, No. 44 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House. OVID F. JOHNSON, ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.

A. G. has removed his Office, as *New Jersey Commissioner*, from No. 62 Walnut street, to the above. dec 10 ly

A NEW KEY TO THE ACCORDION.—A Key to the study and practice of the Accordion, in which is endeavored to be explained the best methods of performing upon that instrument, by the use of figures applied to the notes, in so easy and simple a manner, that even children, as well as adults, who can read figures, can play any tune immediately, without any further instructions than the directions given in this book. By David Ritter.

From numerous commendatory notices of this valuable little work, we extract the following

From D. P. Alden, Esq. of the Philadelphia Musical Academy, and Instructor of the Accordion.

Messrs. Smith & Peck.—A concise and comprehensive method for the French Accordion, with a selection of popular melodies, has long been anxiously but vainly sought. Mr. Ritter's Instructions, or "Key," which you have recently published, I regard as meeting more fully the wants of the community, than any work hitherto submitted for this instrument; and the rapid sale of editions already issued, must afford gratifying evidence of the correctness of this remark.

I trust, gentlemen, that an ample reward will be realized for the exertions required in furnishing such an aid and incentive to the young, to the study of instrumental music, and the more general cultivation of song.

I am, gentlemen, most respectfully, D. P. ALDEN, Director of Philada. Musical Academy.

Philada. Feb. 1, 1842.

In bringing out a fifth edition, the publishers would observe that it contains a collection of 91 of the most popular airs. The rapid sale of the two larger editions is sufficient evidence of its merit and favorable reception with the public. Price $4 per dozen.

It is put up in pamphlet form, and can be sent by mail to any part of the United States. SMITH & PECK, Corner 3d and Arch sts. nov 5 eow 3m

PRACTICAL ECONOMY IN ACCORDANCE with the general reduction of prices in almost every article, the subscriber will sell at about one half the former prices. Superfine Wool dyed Black and Fancy Colored Cloths and Cassimeres, New Style French Merino and Cashmere Vestings, Plain and Figured Beaver Over-Coats, Cloth Cloaks, …, an entire new article combining the convenience of cloak and coat, well calculated for professional gentlemen, Pantaloons and Vests of every description, Double and Single-Breasted, Lambs Wool Shirts and Drawers, Merino, Buckskin and Flannel do. Linen and Cotton do. Shirts, Russia Belts, Money Belts and Shoulder Braces, Army and Navy Clothing with diagrams and plates of the late regulations, all of which will be made, cut and finished in a superior style of workmanship, and warranted to fit. Terms CASH. GEORGE W. FARR, Corner of Third and Chesnut. nov 19

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 CHESNUT St. The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.

ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.

nov 12 ly CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND OTHERS. M. RLYNN invites the attention of purchasers to his fashionable Hat and Cap store, No. 330 MARKET street, (below 10th, South side,) Philadelphia.

☞ Hats and Caps of every pattern made to order at the shortest notice. oct 29 3m

EXTENSIVE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.—The "*UNITED STATES JOB PRINTING OFFICE*," third and fourth stories, Ledger Building, Southwest corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philadelphia, has an extensive variety of the handsomest and best

JOB TYPE, PRESSES, MACHINERY, ENGRAVINGS, AND PRINTING MATERIALS GENERALLY,

That can be procured in this country and Europe, and are always prepared to execute all orders for

FINE LETTER-PRESS PRINTING,

OF EVERY VARIETY, SUCH AS

BOOKS PAMPHLETS, HANDBILLS, BILLS OF LADING, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, POLICIES, BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, RAIL ROAD, STAGE, AND STEAMBOAT BILLS OF EVERY VARIETY AND SIZE, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS, etc. etc.

We are continually adding to our stock, at whatever expense, the finest specimens and beauties of the *AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN FOUNDRIES*, and intend to spare no pains to suit, both in quality and price, all who may favor us with their orders.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.

And a distinctive feature in our mode of doing business, is founded upon the principle that those, who in business of any kind, can make it most to the interest of the public to deal with them, will secure, not only the longest share, but the best of custom. We have therefore provided ourselves with such superior facilities and workmen, as enables us to execute printing of any kind, plain or fancy, with a dispatch, neatness, cheapness, and punctuality hitherto unequalled.

☞ Hoe's Improved Rotary Card Press having been added to the office, (the only one in the city) is now in active operation. Cards and Letter-sheet Jobs can therefore be thrown off at the rate of … per hour, … printed in a style far superior to other work of the kind in this city, and at lower prices, … the quality. Orders for printing from any part of the United States promptly executed.

Office, Ledger Building, S. W. corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philada. oct 24 3m

Gems from the Poets.

Heaven, and there the words that broke through the gulf of the mourner's soul.

"Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of e'en or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever during dark
Surround me, from the cheerful [illegible]
Cut off, and for the book of [illegible]
Presented with a [illegible]
Of Nature's [illegible]"

"Why, cousin, what a queer [illegible] think of Eden?"

"Yes, by [illegible]"

[illegible] WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;—
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,—
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her,—for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake,—the work was done;
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died,—and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be!

Popular Lectures.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE XI.

Public Joy—Events Subsequent to the Fall of Robespierre—Opinions of Robespierre—Statistics of Death—Fate of Jacobin Leaders—The Gilded Youth—Balls of the Victims—Victories and Conquest of Holland—Famine, Paper Money and Riots—Posthumous Punishment of Marat and Lepelletier—Banishment of Mountaineer Chiefs—Massacre of Jacobins in the South—Famine Increases—Murder of Feraud and Insurrection of the first of Prairial—Danger of the Deputies—Faubourgs Disarmed—Punishments, and Tragic End of Six Mountain Leaders.

Joy in Paris was unbounded, and for several days the rejoicings continued. Both in the Convention and amongst the people, a most determined spirit was evinced, not to permit a renewal of the horrid scenes which had been closed by the execution of Robespierre. For two days the Convention was overwhelmed with Addresses of Congratulation, in all of which were the words—"Catiline is no more. The Republic is saved." Acts of courage were rewarded, and supplies voted for monuments to commemorate the Revolution of the 9th Thermidor. At the same time the popular joy was increased, by the news of the capture of Liege. The Committees of Public Safety and General Welfare were remodelled. David, the painter, and other Robespierrians were turned out; and Tallien and other Thermidoreans supplied their places. The infamous Fouquier Tinville, Lebon, the human butcher of Arras, David and other confederates of Robespierre were put under arrest, the Revolutionary Tribunal was suspended, and within ten days after the fall of Robespierre, nearly 10,000 persons were liberated from the prisons of Paris. Think of the happiness such an event must have carried into the bosoms of thousands of families! Mignet, in commenting on the recent events, writes: "In my opinion, Robespierre's destruction was inevitable. He had no organized force." Las Cases says—"Napoleon was of opinion, that Robespierre had neither talent, force, nor system. He was sacrificed the moment he attempted to stop the revolution, the fate of all who had engaged in that attempt; but that he was by no means the monster he was commonly believed; for he was at last desirous to stop the executions." Cambaceres remarks:—"His plan was after having overturned the furious factions, to restore order and moderation." Levasseur writes: "The Dictator, Robespierre, perished when he was preparing to return to a system of justice and humanity." Thiers says: "Robespierre was of the worst species of men. A devotee without passions, without the vices to which they lead, but yet without the courage the greatness and the sensibility that accompany them. A devotee living only by his pride and his creed, hiding himself in the day of danger, coming forth to claim adoration after a victory won by others, is one of the most odious beings that ever ruled over men, and one would say the very vilest, if he had not possessed a strong conviction and acknowledged integrity." But enough of Robespierre!

After a terrific storm, one of the first desires of the heart of man, and a natural one too, is to ascertain the amount of damage. The carnage of the Revolution was now pretty well over, and *Prudhomme* has estimated the deaths by violence during the whole period in a very classified manner. His statistics are the only ones I can find that present a table at once detailed and general. They are appalling, and we may hope they are over-estimated.

GUILLOTINED BY THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNALS.

Nobles,	1278
Noble Women,	750
Wives of laborers and artisans,	1467
Religieuses,	350
Priests,	1135
Persons not noble,	13,623
	18,603

OTHER DEATHS.

Brought forward,		18,603
Women died of premature childbirth,		3,400
In childbirth from grief,		348
Women killed in La Vendee,		15,000
Children killed in La Vendee,		22,000
Men slain in La Vendee,		900,000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes, of whom were—		32,000
Children shot,	500	
Children drowned,	1500	
Women shot,	264	
Women drowned,	500	
Priests shot,	300	
Priests drowned,	460	
Nobles drowned,	1400	
Artisans drowned,	5300	
Victims at Lyons,		31,000
Total,		1,022,351

Shoberl says that in this enumeration, are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, the Abbaye, the Carmelites, or other prisons on September 2nd, the victims of the Glaciere at Avignon, those shot at Toulon and Marseilles, or the persons slain in the little town of Bedouin, the whole population of which perished.

It is natural to expect that, after a violent dynasty is overthrown, there should be some reaction, besides the more ordinary punishment of the tyrannic and sanguinary criminals who had been the oppressors of their country and the destroyers of their fellow-citizens. The Thermidoreans were now in the ascendant, and at first, their power was not abused; but experienced historians contend that, a few months afterwards, many unnecessary victims were sacrificed. In perusing the drama of the revolution, we have naturally become familiar with a great variety of leading characters, constantly before us on the stage, until the furious storm or silent influence of some opposing faction had swept them into the world of spirits; or else riding themselves on the whirlwind of human passions, they became for a time at least, supreme. A few of these yet remain among the fallen "mountaineers." Let us look into their fate.

"All Paris," exclaimed Legendre in the Convention, "demands the punishment of Fouquier Tinville." Another member cried—"It is impossible to sit any longer beside Lebon." Carrier was denounced, and David, the painter—with others less known to fame. At the mention of Fouquier's name in the Convention, Freron said: "I demand that the earth may be at length freed from this monster; and that Fouquier, now drunk with the blood that he has spilled, may be sent to hell to sleep himself sober." Some months elapsed before the infamous three, above named, met their fate; though 85 members of the General Council of the Commune were executed. But the three monsters were accused. Lebon was [illegible] the Convention by a deputation from [illegible], and he had the horrible audacity to acknowledge on his trial that, an aristocrat being condemned to the guillotine, he had kept him lying in the usual posture on his back, with his eyes turned up to the axe which was suspended above his throat, until he had read to him the Gazette, which had just arrived, giving an account of the victory gained by the armies. He who had drenched Arras in blood, died the death.

It so happened that 132 citizens of Nantes, not royalists, but republicans, who had favored either Girondists, Dantonists or Hebertists, were conducted in irons towards Paris, there to be tried, and of course guillotined. Horrible to relate, 38 died from brutal usage, exposure, or starvation on the road. But 94 reached the city of their destination, and as they thought, of their doom. Fortunately, however, they did not arrive until after the fall of Robespierre. Instead of death, they found freedom and life—instead of victims, they became accusers. For nineteen days they gave in their testimony of the horrors committed by Carrier in Nantes; until at length, the wretch only excusing his atrocities by an alleged zeal for the Revolution, the whole nation, press and people, demanded his punishment. He was executed by the guillotine; but his memory will live in infamy through all time to come.

Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, and high priest of the guillotine in Paris, also died by his own "National Razor."

The state of public feeling in Paris may be imagined, from the fact that several thousand young men formed themselves voluntarily into a band, called "*La Jeunesse Dorée*," (the Gilded Youth) who affected to be the champions of peace, order and virtue against the Jacobins. But these Gilded Youths were guilty of many outrages. They paraded the streets with sticks or clubs loaded with lead at one end; or else they were provided with secret arms. The Jacobins on their side were not extinguished; but the few turbulent and prominent spirits of the Mountain that still remained, were constantly fomenting tumult and insurrection. Conflicts between them and the Gilded Youths were therefore common, and many were slain on both sides. At the public places and theatres, however, the latter were by very far the more popular—the cries of "*A bas les Jacobins!*" (Down with the Jacobins,)—and "*Vive la Jeunesse Dorée!*" (The Gilded Youth forever!) being constantly vociferated with acclamation. Nay, in society, the Gilded Youths became quite fashionable beings, received and caressed by the ladies; and thus, *La Jeunesse Dorée* formed a sort of political and revolutionary dandyism. On one occasion of a Jacobin insurrection, these Gilded Youths, to the amount of many hundreds entered the Faubourg St. Antoine, with the intent of slaughtering the Jacobins without mercy. The pikemen and populace of the Faubourg admitted them into the streets, and then closed every entrance—all of which were sealed by an armed mob of twenty thousand men. The destruction of *La Jeunesse Dorée* seemed inevitable, especially as the people from the windows were ready to hurl down deadly missiles upon them. Fortunately, however, affairs took a merry rather than a serious turn, and the people of St. Antoine, after giving a few of the youthful leaders a good dugging, opened their files and allowed them to escape amid jeers and laughter. So ended the chief glories of *La Jeunesse Dorée*.

Another singular sign of the times was exhibited, so peculiarly French, that it deserves to be noticed. After the Reign of Terror, gaiety soon began to be as fashionable as ever in volatile Paris. Indeed, the French people have about them the happy trait of soon forgetting sorrow, even of tinging happiness and joy with the characteristics of the times in which they live. Among the balls that succeeded the fall of Robespierre, in the winter of 1794-5, were the *bals à victimes* (balls of the victims,) to which all who were admitted, were supposed to have lost a relative or friend by the guillotine. Each person wore crape—some emblem of the guillotine (sometimes quaint and bizarre)—some symbol of mourning or of death. They danced to the memory of their friends. But let not the people of other nations be severe in their remarks upon these recreations. They were national. In England, when a public event is celebrated, the people *dine* together; in France, they *dance* together. The latter is certainly the more innocent of the two. I have been told that these *bals à victimes*, singular as we may consider them, were of a deeply sentimental character.

In the low countries, French arms were signally successful. Quesnoy, Valenciennes and Condé, were re-taken; and not to fatigue my audience with a description of battles that more properly belong to history than to popular lectures, it may suffice here to remark, that Flanders and Holland were conquered finally by the republican General Pichegru, who entered Amsterdam with his army, on the 19th of January, 1795, and the low countries were soon after incorporated with the French Republic.

A great dearth prevailed at this time in France; bread being enormously dear, the inhabitants of Paris being only allowed by law two ounces per day each; while the Assignats (revolutionary paper money) which the people were compelled to take, had become absolutely valueless. At Grenelle, a powder magazine exploded, killing fifteen hundred persons. Lyons resumed its name, and several Institutes of arts and education were formed. The busts of Marat and Lepelletier were destroyed, and the body of Marat dragged from the Pantheon and thrown into a common-sewer; while Barrère, Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois were turned out of the Council of Public Welfare. But a new insurrection was on foot, which derived no small strength from Romme, a Mountaineer, proposing to raise the supply to workmen with 1½ lbs. of bread per day, which was carried, as well as from the violent memorials of deputations, whose cry in the Convention was—"Bread—bread." The Jacobins threatened a bloody revolt, if the prosecutions against their leaders were not abandoned and the Constitution of 1793, enforced. Mobs forced their way into the Assembly, headed by abandoned women, blood was spilled in the streets, and every thing announced the re-awakening of Jacobin power. Famine, worthless money, anarchy and demagogueism filled Paris—the only light shining amid the gloom, being the empty or fleeting glory of victory on the frontiers. Paris is declared in a state of siege, and Pichegru, conqueror of Holland, is named Commandant.

Tranquility being for a short time restored, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud de Varennes, Barrère and Vadier are tried and banished beyond seas. Collot d'Herbois perished miserably in French Guiana, of combined fever and drunkenness, after attempting to produce a revolt among the negroes. He died raving in a hospital, after having drunk a bottle of ardent spirits. Billaud de Varennes also died in wretchedness.

The South of France was once more in a dreadful state, owing to the moderatists revenging themselves on the Jacobins. At Lyons, bodies of men were formed, called "Companies of the Sun," and "Companies of Jesus," who slew their opponents in the prisons as well as in the streets and open country, and threw them into the rivers. Fearful was the retribution against the Jacobins, not only in Lyons, but at Aix, Tarrascon, Marseilles and other towns; while at some places, such as Toulon, the Jacobins refused to give up their arms, and dire conflicts ensued, attended with much mutual slaughter. One prison in Lyons, full of Jacobins, was set on fire by the mob, and all within perished in the flames, except a few who, in attempting to escape, were massacred by a people infuriated with the loss of their relatives. Every blow that was given, was accompanied by the name of a father, a brother or a son, and the words —"die assassin!"

The horrors of famine and want of food increased, especially in Paris. The assignats fell lower and lower, a louis d'or being sold for two hundred and ten livres; and gambling, which raged like a fever, at once reduced multitudes to destitution and despair, and hardened the heart against human suffering. The Convention became unpopular, because it did not give the people bread—but how could it? The Sections and thousands of pikemen once more rose in "sacred insurrection," and surrounded the Hall of the Convention and fired upon it, crying "Bread or Blood;" while the Hall itself was filled with fanatic rioters. Troops arrived and by dint of volley and bayonet, forced their way to the Convention, and protected it; but not until after a brisk firing and the loss of many lives. Feraud, a young deputy, full of enthusiasm, bared his bosom to the advancing mob, and cried—"kill me. You shall pass over my body before you enter." He threw himself on the ground, and the wretches trampled on him. He rose, staggered into the Hall, reeling towards the President's chair, to protect him from the pikemen, when he was shot with a pistol, fell, and his body thrown out to the populace. They soon brought the bloody head into the Hall of the Convention stuck on a pike; carrying it round with yells of savage joy. Muskets and bayonets were levelled at the President, Boissy d'Anglas—the head of the murdered Feraud being held to his face. The rabble compelled the Deputies to descend from their benches, and deliberate in the centre of the Hall, enclosed by a chain of pikes; Vernier taking the chair. A decree to release Jacobin prisoners was passed by force, and deputies were sent to the Committees to compel them to act. But these Committees, protected by the Gilded Youth, raised a force composed of troops, citizens, Gilded Youths; and Legendre having penetrated to the Hall with fixed bayonets, exhorted the Deputies to be firm, and commanded the citizens to retire. At first the mob refused—but new battalions arriving, the Hall was cleared, the populace escaping in every direction, several losing their lives. The Convention was not delivered from its danger until midnight.

Menacing and frightful as was this revolt, yet it evinced weakness on the part of the Jacobins, as it was evident that they had no longer that powerful organization they had formerly acquired through their clubs, and their leaders now lay in death. They had no Municipality—no Henriot to command—no dread of terrorism to unite them and excite the people in their favor. Their power was gone forever. Such was the insurrection of the 1st Prairial (May 20th, 1795.)

The Convention immediately passed a decree for "*disarming of the assassins, of the quaffers of blood, of the robbers, and of the agents of tyranny which preceded the 9th of Thermidor.*" The disaffected assembled again on the following day, and muskets were loaded on both sides; but the voice of mediation prevailed and the men retired to their Faubourgs. A military commission was issued, troops were raised, the Faubourgs disarmed, and the murderer of Feraud, the deputy, tried and sent to the place of execution, where he was rescued by a mob who applauded the foul murder and called it *virtue!* Several ringleaders were tried and banished, or guillotined. I will close the lecture with a tragic scene that concluded this part of the drama of the Revolution. Romme, Goujon, Duquesnoi, Durol, Bourbotte and Soubrany were condemned to death. They were all Mountaineers—men of education and ability, but political fanatics. On hearing their sentence, they delivered to the Secretary of the Court, letters, pockets and portraits to be given to their families. They were ordered to be removed to a room, prior to being sent to the scaffold. In going down stairs, Romme drew a large penknife, cried "Vive la liberté!" and plunged it into his heart. He drew it forth, faintly handing it to his friend Goujon, and then fell a corpse. Goujon stabbed himself and handed it in like manner to Duquesnoi. All three fell dead without a groan. The remaining three were not so fortunate. They stabbed themselves; but not dying immediately, they were dragged bleeding to the scaffold, and guillotined—faintly saying, in broken sentences, that they died devoted to their country. Thiers says that all hearts revolted on learning the details of this execution, and the Thermidorians reaped from it merited disgrace. Thus, in that long succession of conflicting ideas, all had their victims. Even the "ideas of clemency, humanity, and reconciliation had their holocausts."

Choice Selections.

THE BRIDAL ROSE.

[The verses profess to be addressed by the rose itself after making the circuit of the earth, to the lady of whose bridal adornment it had formed a part.]

"Sweet lady! by whose early care,
My frail and tender bud was nurst;
And 'mid whose bower of golden hair
My petals into fragrance burst;
Dear lady! 'twas my grateful pride
To deck so beautiful a bride.

"Green as my leaves thy blooming youth—
Pure as my breath thy holy vow;
Immaculate thy virgin truth
As the white blossom on thy brow;
Ah! gentle heart when love was born
A happy rose without a thorn.

"The limpid dews from heaven that wept
Upon me in the summer air,
While down my stem they sweetly crept,
Were not so sparkling as the tear
That in thy sunny eyelid shone,
When thou didst cease to be thine own.

"And when those modest blushes stooped
To nestle in a lover's breast,
My tiny leaflets also drooped,
And with thy roses were caressed;
So, in a faithful heart, we heard
The echo of his plighted word.

* * * * * *

"But still, from home and love away,
It was our weary fate to range;
And as we wandered, day by day,
The sky began to wear a change,
Until the evening star, at last,
Was all our relic of the past.

"We wandered where the dreamy palm
Murmured above the sleeping wave,
And through the waters clear and calm
Looked down into the coral cave,
Whose echoes never had been stirred
By breath of man or song of bird.

"Beyond the lands where gold is sought,
Onward the roving vessel sped;
Where battles never had been fought,
Nor blood for glory ever shed;
And where the tame leviathan
Knew not the enmity of man.

"Among the palaces of snow,
Where storms lay frozen into sleep,
And violence brooded, long ago,
Over the stern mysterious deep,
We felt, with spirits hushed and awed
That Nature was alone with God.

* * * * * *

"Ah! how we joyed at length to turn
From vales, beneath whose shroud of snow
The hardy moss, and leafless fern,
And waxen Calliseed grow,
To taste again the vernal shower,
Where roses blow in ladies' bower.

"But now when tulips proudly bloom,
And lilies fill their cups with dew,
My leaves exhale no rich perfume,
And sparkle with no gaudy hue;
Though I was fragrant once as they,
And bloomed as fresh and looked as gay.

"Yet, gentle lady, once again,
Entwine me with thy golden hair;
And at thy dewy lashes rain
Upon my leaves a single tear;
And I will envy not their pride
Whose blossoms never decked a bride."—THULIA.

A SERMON FOR SATURDAY.

The whole book of Ecclesiastes is a sermon on the vanity of all things human. The Preacher is eloquent in discoursing on the vanity of human life, with its pleasures, riches, honors, labors and emoluments. He refers to many other topics, ever and anon, exclaiming, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

By a review of the past week, whether we have been basking in the sunshine of prosperity, or shivering beneath the cold frosts of adversity, we shall find that our own experience will accord with that of the wise man in his meditations. The evening twilight invites us to retire from the cares of a busy world, and haste to our quiet homes. Oh, those quiet homes! "There's no place like home." Here we are to enjoy the stillness of another Saturday evening, preparatory to the rest of another sweet Sabbath. "All are here—husband, wife and the little ones"—not one is missing. The quiet cheerfulness of every heart is beaming on each one's countenance. How changed would be these scenes without the benign influences of religion. It is by these soothing influences, directly or indirectly, that our quiet homes are so blest with contentment and cheerfulness, and all the other sweets and social life. It is on this account that our experience accords with the text, which tells us that the conclusion of the whole matter is to fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

We are so to love the God to whom we are indebted for the sweet enjoyments of the social circle this evening, that we shall fear to wrong Him or ourselves by ingratitude, or in other way. The little birds raise their sweet voices in notes of praise; then should we be wanting in expressions of gratitude?

We are to understand and keep the commandments, because they are just and good, and "in keeping them there is great reward;" because they commend themselves to reason and conscience, and are suited to increase and *perpetuate* the rich enjoyments with which our social and spiritual nature are blest in the scenes of this evening.

That we may hear more about the *whole duty of man*, let us on the morrow repair to our respective places of worship,—there to be instructed by our spiritual guides, who are always the most eloquent when we are the most attentive to the words of wisdom which drop from their lips.—*Boston Bulletin.*

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

The character of a Christian Gentleman is thus sketched by Dr. Bethune, of this city, in a recent oration before the Porter Rhetorical Society of Andover, entitled "The Eloquence of the Pulpit, with Illustrations from St. Paul."

"Can I be wrong in saying that a Christian preacher should be the highest order of gentleman? Not one of those polished hypocrites, fashioned by the tailor, dancing-master and hair-dresser, who usurp the name; covering coldness of heart with pretences of friendship; flattering to cajole; bowing where they feel no respect, and promising services while they intend to abandon, circumvent or destroy. But a gentleman, in the true sense of that honorable term, firm in high principle, and dignified by integrity; frank without bluntness, kind without flattery, gentle without weakness, exact without formality, charitable without show; free from affectation, egotism, or impertinence, ever mindful of his neighbor's feelings, tolerant of his infirmities, and patient with his mistakes; never intrusive nor yet bashful, tempering his speech to the occasion, ready to give place to the elder, the wiser, the stranger, and the more feeble; yielding scrupulous respect to authority, not ashamed of allegiance to God, and serving his fellow men for God's sake; a gentleman not in outward garb only, though of that not careless from deference to the world and himself; not in a mere phrase or form, though in these seeking to propitiate; not in education or accomplishment, though despising no worthy aid to his social influence; not from station or pursuit in life, but in heart, purpose and conduct, recommending virtue by an example without obtrusion, and religion without sanctimony; rebuking scandal, profaneness or impurity by well-measured remonstrance, or silent withdrawal; anxious to please that he may do good, but giving no countenance to evil through fear or favor of man."

WINTER WEEDING.

We cut from the Maine Farmer the following well written and practical chapter of hints. And it is to be remembered, that not only in the country, but in the city; not only in the house of the farmer, but in that of the artisan, the merchant, the professional man, may winter weeding be pursued. If it is not, the chances are that mental and moral weeds will disfigure what might else have been gardens of loveliness.

Winter weeding what! Why the "Golden Eternal Flowers" that cluster around the parent's hearth—the domestic garden of immortal minds that is entrusted to you. It will assuredly want weeding and careful cultivation this winter, and don't neglect it, for upon it depends the most important harvest of life. How are the implements? such as district school—books and other things necessary for this important work? Much, very much of the benefit depends upon the management of parents and guardians—upon the interest they take in them—upon the encouragement which they give their children, and upon the aid which they render them in their studies. Many think that if they spare their children during the day to attend school, they have discharged their whole duty. This is a great mistake. It is hardly the beginning. Children, as a general thing, not seeing or realizing the advantages of knowledge, are continually putting aside their studies, not through idleness—that's a mistake, for children are never idle—but for pleasure, for sport—for real down right hard work under the name of play, something that is of immediate enjoyment. This is the first thing to be guarded against. The natural vivacity and activity of children shouldn't be cramped nor crushed, it should be restrained and directed. Parents should inquire of their children how they progress—they should watch them, and mark in the evening the results of the day's tuition—should put to them questions of a practical nature, and help them to solve the difficulties that occur. Above all they should watch with untiring vigilance the progress of moral development. This business will form the most difficult part of your task. In practising the rules of arithmetic or of grammar—in exercising their skill in penmanship, or in reciting a task in geography there is no natural incentive to do it wrong—there is in fact a natural desire to do it right, but in moral action it is, alas! far otherwise—temptations throng the child as well as those of riper years, and where judgment, discretion, and the precepts of religion are not yet matured, the chances of being led astray by pleasure, and the evils which perpetually surround us, are thousand fold greater than they are of leading us right. The moral department is always the weeding part of the garden, and the good cultivator will ply himself with unwearied zeal and patience to eradicate them all. There cannot be too much circumspection on the part of Teachers, Parents and Guardians in this respect. A school is a world in miniature. There may be found all the passions, all the propensities, all the motives, good and bad, which are found in society, of larger size and growth—all of them acting as strong in proportion to their ages and all of them as capable of being turned to a good or a bad account according to the manner of governing or conducting them. It is necessary therefore for us all to be "wide awake" and not neglect the "*winter weeding.*"

ERRORS OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.—"A gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer a charge of having *eaten* a hackney-coachman, for demanding more than his fare; and another was accused of having stolen a small *cur* out of the Bath mail; the stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket."

"The Russian General Kachinoffkowsky was found dead with a long *word* sticking in his throat."

"*Smithfield Festivities.*—The *air* was crowded with people of all descriptions. At two o'clock the Lord Mayor drove through it in his carriage."

"The conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with considerable *laughter*."

"Robert Jones was yesterday brought before the sitting magistrate, on a charge of having *spoken treason* at the Barleymow public house."

"In consequence of the numerous accidents occasioned by skating on the Serpentine River, measures are being taken to put a *top* to it."

"At the Guildhall dinner none of the poultry were eatable except the owls."

"We," says the John Bull, "often suffer in this way—about two years since we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of fiends in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting peasants; and only last week in a Scotch paper, we saw gravely stated that a surgeon was taken alive in the river, and sold to the inhabitants at 6d. and 10d. per pound."

Every one remembers the fate of Baron Grimm. He declared that he had produced an immaculate work! and defied the critics to find out a single error; for, as he had scrutinously "read every line himself." The critics set to work, when lo! they pointed out no less than three hundred errors! and the poor Baron died in a fit of chagrin!

[If errors in the American press were sought after, as long a list as the above could be found.]

THE INVENTION OF THE STEAM ENGINE.—If a report just published in the French and English papers be true, our countryman Fulton is to be stripped of his laurels, as the first person who successfully applied the steam engine to purposes of navigation. A letter from Madrid, published in the *Commerce*, a French paper, contains an account of the discovery in the royal archives of Salamanca, of authentic documents, proving what has before rested on vague tradition, to wit:—that in 1543, Dom Blasco de Garray, a captain in the navy, submitted to the examination of the Emperor Charles V. a machine moved by the steam of boiling water; that it was applied by him to a ship of two hundred tons burthen, and tried in the Roads of Barcelona on the 17th of June, 1543, and succeeded perfectly; and that the Emperor and his son, and several of the nobles were present and witnessed the experiment. But it is said that the grand treasurer, Ravago, thought it right to advise that the invention should not be adopted in the vessels of the state—it was too complicated, too expensive, and he had reason to fear too frequent explosions. The special committee who reported on the occasion, contented themselves by saying that the ship propelled by the engine alone went three leagues the first two hours, then a league an hour, and could move faster than a common rowing galley. The Emperor made Garray a liberal present, and promised to place him at the head of the national navy. No further attention was paid to the invention.

MEDICINE.—There is a great error committed every day, in flying to medicine at once when the functions of the stomach and liver are disordered, the secretions unnatural, and the food imperfectly digested. Instead of exhibiting purgatives, day after day, to carry off diseased secretions, we should lessen and simplify the food, in order to prevent the formation of these bad secretions. In doing this we have great prejudice to overcome. The patient feels himself getting weaker and thinner; and he looks to nourishing food and tonics for a cure; but he will generally be disappointed in the end by the plan. From four ounces of gruel every six hours, he will under many states of indigestion, derive more nutriment and strength than from half a pound of animal food and a pint of wine. I have known dyspeptic patients gain flesh and strength on half a pint of good gruel thrice in the twenty-four. The invalid will acquire a degree of strength and firmness, if not fulness, of muscle on this quantity, (half a pound of food at dinner,) which will in time surprise his friends as well as himself.—*Doctor Johnson.*

The Humorist.

☞ "You be goin home ha'ant 'ee, zur," said Brooks the other day, to a young person who was about to visit Wales. "Yes, Brooks," was the reply. "You do go by staim, on the water, don't 'ee?" "Yes." "Well now I never seed a stainer, but do they swem like other sheps?" "Swim! no; they go along upon wheels." "On wheels, aye! So I've heard; mortal big wheels they must have to touch the bottom of the sea, zur. I should like to see a staimer."

☞ The following dialogue actually occurred a few days ago between a clergyman and a small lad. "Well, my lad, what's your name?" "My father's name is W——." "And where do you live?" "I live with father." "And where does your father live?" "He lives with mother." "And where does your mother live?" "Oh, she lives where father does." "You little rogue, where do you all live?" "I know,—we live at our house, when we are at home."

"Should you be blessed with two grown-up unmarriageable daughters, you cannot do better than have their portraits 'done;' for the artist can introduce a stock of jewellery and beauty not exactly the property of the young ladies; and as first impressions are every thing, some guileless swain may be struck with the charms of the portrait, and blinded to the blemishes of the original."

☞ A gentleman seeing his wife in a very sullen mood, asked how she did. She answered him that she was not sick nor yet very well. Nay, quoth he, then I may even turn thee out of doors, for I only promised to cherish thee "in sickness or health," which answer awakened her sullen humor.

☞ "I say Jem," said a ploughboy the other day to his companion, "I know of a new fashion mackintosh to keep out the wet." "What's that?" "Why, if you eat a red-herring for breakfast you'll be *dry* all day."

☞ "Rachel, my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your sister Hannah?" "Why don't every stalk of clover bear four leaves, mother?" "Go bring in a basket of chips, child."

☞ A great Roman lawyer, being one day asked what work might be done on an holy day, replied, "That which, if left undone, would occasion mischief."

☞ These are first rate times for getting married, says the *Mail*. Where two persons are made *one* of course half the expense of living is taken away.

☞ A man in New Orleans has a wife whose stentorian voice, he says, "would drown Niagara, and silence the noise of a high pressure steamboat!"

☞ It is said that a lazy woman is also a deceitful one. That is true, for she deceives herself, if she expects to get along in that way.

☞ A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match.

☞ "All favors gratefully received," as the fire said when the fellow put more coals on it.

☞ Temperance is a "sober reality."

Lever's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER LVII.
PARIS IN 1814.

If the strange medley of every nation and costume which we beheld on entering Paris surprised us, how much greater was our astonishment when, having finished a hurried breakfast, we issued forth into the crowded streets. Here were assembled, among the soldiers of every country, visitors from all parts of Europe, attracted by the novel spectacle thus presented to them; and eager to participate in the pleasures of a capitol whose rejoicings, so far from being checked by the sad reverse of fortune, were now at the highest pitch; and the city much more resembled the gay resort of an elated people, than a town occupied by the troops of conquering enemies. The old soldier of the empire alone grieved in the midst of this general joy; with the downfall of Napoleon died his every hope. The spirit of conquest, by which for so many years the army had been intoxicated, was annihilated by the one line that signed the treaty at Fontainbleau; and thus among the gay and laughing groups that hurried onward, might now and then be seen some veteran of the old guard scowling with contemptuous look upon that fickle populace, so eager to celebrate the downfall as ever they had been to greet the glory of their nation.

Nothing more strikingly marked the incongruous host that filled the city, than the different guards of honor which were mounted at the several hotels where officers and generals of distinction resided. At this time the regulation was not established which prevailed somewhat later, and gave to the different armies of the allies the duty of mounting all the guards in rotation; and now at one door might be seen the tall cuirassier of Austria, his white cloak falling in heavy folds over the flanks and haunches of his coal black horse, looking like some Templar of old; at another the plumed bonnet of a Highlander fluttered in the breeze, as some hardy mountaineer paced to and fro; his grey eye and stern look unmoved by the eager and prying gaze of the crowd that stopped to look upon so strange and singular a costume; here was the impatient schimmel of some Hungarian hussar pawing the ground with restless eagerness, as his gay soleman slashed with gold glittered in the sun. The jager from Bohemia—the deadly marksman with the long rifle; the savage Tartar of the Ukraine, devouring his meal on his guard, and turning his dark suspicious eye around him, lest every passer-by might mean some treachery—all denoted that some representative of their country dwelt within, while every now and then the clank of a musket would be heard, as a heavy *porte cochère* opened to permit the passage of an equipage as strange and as characteristic as the guard himself. Here would issue the heavy "wagon" of some German prince, with emblazoned pannels and scarlet hammer-cloth; the horses as fat and lethargic as the smoking and moustached figure they were drawing; there was the low droschki of a Russian—three horses abreast—their harness tinkling with brass bells as the spirited animals plunged and curvetted along; the quiet and elegant-looking phaeton of English build, with its perfection of appointment, rolled along with its deep woody sound beside the quaint, old-fashioned *caleche* of Northern Germany, above whose cumbrous pannels the heads of the passengers were visible only; nor were the horsemen less dissimilar—the stately Prussian, with his heel *aplomb* beneath his elbow; the Cossack, with short stirrup, crouched upon his horse's mane; the English horse artilleryman powdering along with massive accoutrements and gigantic steed; the Polish light cavalry soldier, standing high in his stirrups, and turning his restless eye on every side—were all subjects for our curiosity and wonder.

The novelty of the spectacle seemed, however, to have greatly worn off for the Parisians, who rarely noticed the strange and uncouth figures that every moment passed before their eyes, and now talked away as unconcernedly amid the scene of tumult and confusion, as though nothing new or remarkable was going on about them; their very indifference and *insouciance* one of the strangest sights we witnessed.

Our progress, which at the first was a slow one, ceased entirely at the corner of the palace, where a considerable mob was now collected. Although we asked of the bystanders, no one could tell what was going forward; but the incessant roars of laughter showed that something droll or ridiculous had occurred. O'Grady, whose taste in such matters would suffer no denial, elbowed his way through the mob, I following as well as I was able. When we reached the first rank of the spectators, we certainly needed no explanation of the circumstances to make us join in the mirth about us.

It was a single combat of a very remarkable description. A tall Cossack, with a long red beard now waving wildly on every side, was endeavoring to recover his mutcka cap from a little decrepid old fellow, from whom he had stolen a basket of eggs. The eggs were all broken on the ground, and the little man danced among them like an infuriated fiend, flourishing a stick all the while in the most fearful fashion. The Cossack, whose hand at every moment sought the naked knife that was stuck in his girdle, was obliged to relinquish his weapon by the groans of the mob, who unequivocally showed that they would not permit foul play; and being thus unarmed, could make nothing of an adversary whose contemptible appearance caused all the ridicule of the scene. Meanwhile the little fellow, his clothes in rags, and his head surmounted by a red Cossack mutcka, capered about like nothing human, uttering the most frightful sounds of rage and passion. At length, in a paroxysm of fury, he dealt the tall Cossack a rap over the temples which made him reel again. Scarcely had the blow descended when, stung by the insult and jeers of the mob, the enraged savage grasped his knife. With one spring he pounced upon the little man; but as he did so, a strong hand from behind seized him by the collar, and with one tremendous jerk hurled him back upon the crowd, where he fell stunned and senseless.

I had only time to perceive that it was O'Grady who had come to the rescue, when the old fellow, turning fully round, looked up in his face, and without evincing any surprise, or wonder, or even gratitude, croaked out—

"And it's standin' looking on ye war all the time, and I fighting my sowle out! Ugh! bad luck to your sarvice! look at my coat and small clothes! Ay, you may laugh, ye grinning bastes as ye are, and a basket of fresh eggs in smitthereens, and this Friday!"

The convulsions of laughter which this apparition and the speech excited, prevented our hearing more. The mob, too, without understanding a word, were fully sensible of the absurdity of the scene, and a perfect chorus of laughter rang through the street.

"And my elegant beaver—see it now!" said Corny—for we hope our readers recognize him—as he endeavored to empty the batter from his head-piece, and restore it to shape. "Ugh! the haythens—the Turks! See now, Master Phil, it's warning I'm giving you this minit—here, where I stand. May the divil——Ah, if ye dare, ye eternal robber!" This elegant exordium was directed to the poor Cossack, who, having regained his feet, was skulking away from the field, throwing as he went a lingering look at his red cap, which Mr. Delany still wore as a spoil of his victory.

We now made our way through the crowd, followed by Corny, whose angry looks on every side elicited peals of laughter; and thus accompanied, we approached the massive *porte cochère* of a large hotel in the Place Vendome, where a "Swiss," in full costume of porter, informed us that Lady Charlotte Hinton resided.

While I endeavored to pass on, he interposed his burly person, informing me, in very short phrase, that her ladyship did not receive before four o'clock.

"Arrah, hould your prate," cried Corny; "sure it's the woman's son you're talking to. Two pair of stairs to your left hand, and the first doors in the passage. Look at the crowd there, the lazy crathurs! that has nothing better to do than follow a respectable man. Be off! Bad luck to yez! ye ought to be crying over the disgrace ye're in. Be the light that shines! but you deserved it well."

Leaving Corny to his oration before the mob, of which, happily for the safety of his own skin, they did not comprehend one word, I took the direction he mentioned, and soon found out the door, on which a visiting card, with my mother's name was fastened.

We were now introduced into a large and splendidly furnished saloon, with all that lightness and elegance of decoration which in a foreign apartment is a compensation—a poor one sometimes—for the more comfortable look of our English houses; the room was empty, but the morning papers and all the new publications of the day were scattered about in profusion; consigning my friend for a short time to these, I followed the *femme de chambre*, who had already brought in my card to my mother, to her ladyship's dressing room. The door was opened noiselessly by the maid, who whispered my name; a gentle "let him come in" followed, and I entered. My mother was seated before a glass, under the hands of a coiffeur, and dared not turn her head. As I approached, she reached me her hand, however, which having kissed dutifully, I drew my chair and sat down beside her. "My dear boy," said she, as her eyes turned towards me, and a tear fell from the lid, and trickled down her cheek. In spite of the unnatural coldness of such a meeting, the words, the accents, and the look that accompanied them, came home to my heart, and I was glad to hide my emotion by again pressing my lips to her hand. Having kindly informed me that the ceremony she was then submitting to was imperative, inasmuch as if she had not M. Dejoncourt then, she could not have him at all—that his time was so filled up, every moment of it, from eight in the morning till eleven at night, that the Emperor Alexander himself couldn't obtain his services, if he wished for them—she proceeded to give some details of my father, by which I could learn that the change in his circumstances had never been made known to her, and that she had gone on since we met in her old career of extravagance and expense—the indulgence of which, and the cares of her ever declining health, had given her abundant occupation.

As I looked at her beautiful features and delicately fair complexion, upon which time had scarcely laid a touch, I sighed to think at what a frightful sacrifice of feeling, of duty, and of happiness too, such loveliness had been purchased. If the fine pencilling of that brow had never known a wrinkle, the heart had never throbbed to one high or holy thought; if the smile sat easily on the lip, it was the habitual garb of fashionable captivation, and not the indication of one kind thought or one affectionate feeling; I felt shocked, too, that I could thus criticise my mother; but, in truth, for a minute or two I forgot she was such.

"And Julia," said I at length, "what of her?"

"Very handsome indeed—strikingly so. Beaulieu, the emperor's aid-de-camp, admires her immensely. I am sincerely glad that you are come, dear John. You know Julia's fortune has all been saved; but of that another time; the first point now is to secure you a ticket for this ball, and how to do it I'm sure I know not."

"My dear mother, believe me, I have not the slightest desire——"

"How very unkind you are, to think we could separate from you after such an absence; besides, Julia would be seriously offended, and I think with cause; but the ticket—let's consider about that. Dejoncourt, is it true that the Princess de Nassau was refused a card for the ball?"

"*Oui, mi ladi.* The king of Prussia has sent her one of his, and is to take her; and Madame la Duchesse de St. Blesc is so angry at being left out, that she tried to get up an alarm of conspiracy in the *faubourg*, to prevent the sovereign from going."

"But they will go, surely—won't they?"

"Ah, to be sure. *Pardieu*, they would say tomorrow that they had been omitted too, if they didn't appear."

"What are we to do?" said her ladyship with energy. "Grammont can be of no use here; for unfortunately these people are not French."

"What then?" said I; "is it some of the crowned heads who are the entertainers?"

"Oh, no; indeed I don't know who they are; nor do I know any one who does. The only fact of importance is, that this is their third fete: the two first were the most brilliant things ever given in Paris—that the emperor of Russia always dances there—the king of Prussia makes his whist party—that Blucher takes the head of one of the supper-tables—and, in a word, Talleyrand himself has employed more diplomacy to secure an extra ticket, than he has often dispensed in carving out a new monarchy."

My mother handed me a splendidly embossed card as she spoke, upon which, in letters of pale burnished gold, were inscribed the following words—"Madame de Roni, née Cassidy de Kilmainham, prie honneur," &c. A burst of laughter at the absurdity of the title stopped my reading further.

"She's an Italian, possibly," said my mother.

"I should think not," I replied; "the 'née Cassidy de Kilmainham' smacks of something nearer home—what think you of Ireland?"

"Ireland! Are these people Irish?" said she, starting with horror at the thought. "I trust, my dear John, you would not think proper to jest on such a subject."

"My dear mother, I never heard of them before; the only thing that strikes me is the name. Cassidy is assuredly more Milesian than Roman."

"But she has birth—that's certain," replied my mother proudly.

Not caring to argue the point which, after all, resolved itself into the question that the lady was the child of somebody, and that somebody was called "Cassidy," I began to meditate on the singularity of such a phase in life as the entertainer of sovereigns, kaisers, kings, princes, archdukes, and ambassadors, being a person utterly unknown.

"But here's Grammont," said my mother, as a gentle tap was heard at the door, and the count entered; the only change in his appearance since last I saw him being the addition of another cordon to his blue coat, and a certain springiness in his walk, which I afterwards remarked as common among all the returned *emigrés* at the restoration.

"*Que diable faut il faire,*" said the count entering, "with this Madame de Roni?—she refuses all the world. Ah, Jack, *mon cher*, how do you do?—safe and sound from all the perils of these terrible French, that cut you all to pieces in the Peninsula. But only think, *mi ladi*, no card for la Duchesse de Tavanne; Madame de Givery left out. *Sacristie!* I hope there is nothing against *ce pauvre* Roi de Prusse."

"Well, and here is John," said my mother; "what are we to do about him?"

My renewed disclosure of any wish in the matter was cut short by a look of reproof, and I waited the whole discussion with patience.

"Never was there such a difficulty," said the count, musing. "There is certainly nothing to be done through the worthy husband of madame. Dejoncourt and two or three more gave him a *diner en gourmande* at Very's to seduce him; and after his fifth flask of champagne he frankly confessed he was sorry he could not return their civilities as he wished. 'I'll entertain you here, and have Blucher and Platoff, Fouché, and any one else you like to meet you. I'll introduce you to old Prussia and the Czar whenever you please; you shall have permission to shoot at Fontainbleau any day you mention; but as to Madame de Roni, she is devilish exclusive; I really cannot imagine that for you.'"

"I wish you could prevail on yourself to be serious," said my mother, in nowise pleased with the jocular spirit the count's anecdote had excited;—"but here is Julia—what does she advise?"

As my mother spoke, the door opened, and my cousin appeared. Her figure had more of the roundness of womanhood, and her face, though paler, was fuller, and its expression had assumed a more decided character than when I last saw her. Her winning smile and her graceful carriage were all unchanged; and her low soft voice never struck me as more fascinating than when she held out her hand and said—

"My dear cousin! how happy it makes me to see you again!"

Her dark blue eyes were tearful as she spoke, and her lip—that haughty lip—trembled. A strange wild thrill crept through my heart as I pressed her hand within both of mine—a vague feeling which I dared not suffer to dwell in my mind, and feared lest when it should depart that I had lost my chance of happiness. Yes! there are times when a man, without the admixture of any coxcombry in the feeling—without a particle of vanity—nay, with a deep sense of his own unworthiness, can ask himself—Does this woman like me? And at such moment, if his own heart give not the ready answer, it were far better that he sought not the reply from his reason.

It was only when my mother asked, for the second time, what was to be done about John's ticket, that Julia seemed aware of the question, a slight—a very slight curling of her lip showing the while the sense she entertained of such an inquiry, after long years of separation; and at last, as if unable to repress the indignation of the moment, she said abruptly—

"But, of course, as we shall not think of going to-night——"

"We not go! *Eh, pardieu!* why not?" said the count.

"The colonel below stairs begs to say that he will call somewhat later," said the *femme-de-chambre* at this juncture.

"The colonel! Whom does she mean?"

"Oh, my friend O'Grady. Poor fellow! I have been forgetting him all this while. So allow me to join him, and we'll wait for your appearance in the drawing-room."

"I remember him perfectly," said my mother; "an agreeable person, I think. So take Julia and the count with you, and I'll follow as soon as I can."

Julia blushed deeply, and as suddenly grew pale again, as my mother spoke. I knew that she had always treated my friend with hauteur and reserve, without any assignable reason, and had long determined that when an opportunity arose, I would endeavor to get rid of the unjust impression she had somehow conceived of my warmest, truest friend. This was not, however, the time for explanations; and I merely said, as I offered my arm—

"Poor O'Grady has been badly wounded; but I think he's now getting on favorably."

She said something in reply, but the words were lost in the noise of descending the stairs. Just as we reached the landing, I caught a glimpse of my friend issuing from the *porte cochère*, and only in time to call him by his name—

"Hollos, Phil! Don't go away."

As he turned back towards the drawing-room, he cried out—

"It's only this instant, Jack, I remember how very awkward it was of me to come here with you at this hour. You have, of course, so much to say and hear after your absence—"

The sight of my fair cousin cut short his speech, as she stood near the door with her hand out to receive him. As O'Grady took her taper fingers within his own, there was an air of cold distance in his manner that actually offended me: bowing deeply, he said a few brief words in a tone of gravity and stiffness quite unusual with him; and then, turning to Grammont, shook his hand with a warmth and cordiality most markedly different. I only dared to glance at Julia, but as I did so I could mark an expression of haughty displeasure that settled on her brow, while her heightened color made her turn away towards the window.

I was myself so much annoyed by the manner in which O'Grady had received advances which I had never seen made to any one before, that I was silent. Even Grammont saw the awkwardness of all parties so much in need of his intervention, that at once opened the whole negociation of the ball to O'Grady, describing with a Frenchman's volubility and sarcasm the stratagems and devices which were employed to obtain invitations—the triumph of the successful, the despairing malice of the unfortunate—heightening his narrative by the mystery of the fair hostess, who—herself unknown, unheard of till now—was at this moment at the pinnacle of fashion, dictating the laws and distributing the honors of the *beau monde* to the greatest sovereigns of Europe.

"She is very beautiful, no doubt?" asked O'Grady.

"*Oui—pas mal,*" said Grammont, with that all-explaining shrug of the shoulders by which a foreigner conveys so much.

"Very rich, perhaps?"

"*Millionaire!*" said the Frenchman, in a tone of exultation that bespoke his full acquiescence in that surmise at least.

"And her rank?"

"Ah! I don't read riddles. All I know is, her house is the best thing at Paris; she has secured old Cambacérès's *chef de cuisine*; has bought up the groom of the chambers of the ex-emperor; keeps an estafette going on the Strasbourg road for *patés de fois gras*; and is on such terms with the sovereigns, that she has their private bands to play at all her parties. *Qui voulez vous?*"

"Nothing more, indeed!" said O'Grady, laughing. "Such admirable supremacy in the world of *bon ton* it would be rank heresy to question farther, and I no longer wonder at the active canvass for the invitations."

"*Oui, parbleu!*" said the Frenchman gaily. "If Monsieur the Compte d'Artois does not exert himself, people will be more proud of a ticket to these balls than of the Croix de St. Louis. For my own part, I think of wearing mine over the cordon."

As he spoke, he flourished his card of invitation in the air, and displayed it in his bosom.

"Madame de Roni, née Cassidy de Kilmainham," said O'Grady, bursting into a perfect roar of laughing. "This is glorious, Jack. Did you see this?"

"See—eh!—to be sure; and what then?"

But O'Grady's mirth had burst all bounds, and he sat back in an arm-chair laughing immoderately. To all our questions he could give no other reply than renewed bursts of merriment, which, however enjoyed by himself, were very provoking to us.

"He knows her," whispered Grammont in my ear; "be assured he knows madame."

"Jack, where shall we meet in half an hour?" said Phil at length, jumping up and wiping his eyes.

"Here, if you like," said I: "I shall not leave this till you return."

"Be it so," said he; and then with a bow to my cousin and an easy nod to Grammont, O'Grady took his hat and departed.

Grammont now looked at his watch, and remembering some half-dozen very important appointments, took his leave also, leaving me once more, after so long an interval, *tête-a-tête* with Julia.

There were so many things to talk over since we had met, so many reminiscences which each moment spilled up, that I never thought of the hours as they ran over; and it was only by Lady Charlotte's appearance in the drawing-room that we were apprized it was already past four o'clock, and that the tide of her morning visitors would now set in and break up all hopes of continuing our colloquy.

"Where is your friend?" said my mother, as she carried her eyes languidly round the spacious apartment.

"Gone some hours ago: but he promised to take me up here. We shall see him soon, I expect."

"Colonel O'Grady," said a servant; and my cousin had just time to leave the room by one door, as he entered by another.

Advancing to my mother with a manner of respectful ease which he possessed in perfection, O'Grady contrived in a few brief words to resume the ground he had formerly occupied in her acquaintance, throwing out as he went an occasional compliment to her looks, so naturally and unaffectedly done as not to need acknowledgment or reply, but yet with sufficient *empressement* to show interest.

"I have heard since my arrival that you were interested about this ball, and took the opportunity to secure you some tickets, which, though late, some of your friends may care for."

He presented my mother as he spoke with several blank cards of invitation, who, as she took them, could not conceal her astonishment, nor repress the look of curiosity, which she could scarcely repel in words, as to how he had accomplished a task the highest people in Paris had failed in. I saw what was passing in her mind, and immediately said—

"My mother would like to know your secret about these same tickets, O'Grady, for they have been a perfect subject of contention the last three weeks here."

"Her ladyship must excuse me—at least for the present—if I have one secret I cannot communicate to her," said O'Grady smiling. "Let me only assure her, no one shall know it before she herself does."

"And there is a secret!" said Lady Charlotte eagerly.

"Yes, there is a secret," replied O'Grady with a most ludicrous gravity of tone.

"Well, at least we have profited by it, and so we may wait in patience. Your friend O'Grady will give us the pleasure of his company at dinner, I hope," continued my mother with her most winning smile.

O'Grady declined, having already accepted the invitation of the adjutant-general, but begged he might be permitted to join our party at the ball; which being graciously acceded to by my mother, we both made our bows and sauntered out to see more of the sights of Paris.

"Come, Phil," said I, when we were once more alone, "what is the secret? Who is Madame de Roni?"

"Not even to you, Jack," was his answer, and we walked on in silence.

The Olio.

WELLERISMS.—"It isn't the first time I've been *ironed*," as the criminal's shirt sleeve said to the sheriff when he was putting on the manacles.

"I'll have you, but I'll not have you long," as the spider said to the fly when he caught him in his web.

"I don't stand upon trifles," as the man said when he got out of the way to let a small snail pass.

"My *bark* is *blow'd away*," as the dog remarked when they blew his brains out with a pistol.

"A change of climate," as the fly said when he swam from the milk into the tea.

"The iron hath entered my *sole*," as the man said when he ran a nail in his foot.

"*I feel for you*," as the pickpocket's fingers said to his neighbor's watch.

"I beg your *pardon*," as the condemned criminal said to the governor.

"I'm in for it," as the loafer said when imprisoned for stealing a coat.

"*No tick here*," as the man said to the watch he bought at auction.

IDLE DAUGHTERS.—It is, says Mrs. Ellis, a painful spectacle in families, where the mother is drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading; beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but as a necessary consequence of the neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, and laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are.

THE LOWELL COURIER, speaking of the useless size of ladies' muffs, says—"They look very pretty; but as we are a practical man, it seems a great waste of fur that a muff as large as a flour barrel, lined and stuffed and quilted, we suppose, should be deemed necessary to keep warm the delicate little soft white fingers of our delicate pretty little belles, and our more stately matrons. Yet we do not find fault. We go for the largest liberty for the ladies. If it takes the furs of five dead foxes to warm the fingers of our ladies, it takes the cunning of ten live foxes to get money to pay for them, sometimes."

CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—Those of our readers who have writhed and groaned under the torture of an aching tooth, will, we doubt not, read with pleasure the following "*sure cure*," which we copy from an exchange paper: "Get a large kettle of water—let it come to a boil, then put your head into it and let it simmer for precisely half an hour; take out your head and shake all your teeth into a heap; pick out the decayed ones and throw them away. The sound ones you can put back again."

A BRIGHT CHILD.—The following incident took place in a public school in Lowell, a few days since. A little boy was asked how many mills make a cent. "Ten, sir," was the prompt reply.

Immediately a bright-faced girl held up her little hand in token of dissent.

"Well, miss, what have you to say?" "Please, sir, ten mills *don't* make a cent. Pa says all the mills in town don't make a cent."

A HUNT FOR HAPPINESS.—It is related of an Eastern Caliph, that being sorely afflicted with *ennui* he was advised that an exchange of shirts with a man who was perfectly happy would cure him. After a long search he discovered such a person, but was informed that the happy fellow *had no shirt!*

AGREEABLES.—To see a man adhere strictly to cold water, and get drunk on vanity.

To endeavor to display your agility by running after a lady's glove, which the wind has carried away, and tumbling your whole length upon the pave.

WIT IS THE lightning of the mind, reason the sunshine, and reflection the moonlight; for as the bright orb of night owes its lustre to the sun, so does reflection owe its existence to reason.

THE JOHN BROWNS.—A committee of gentlemen are at present employed in taking the census of the *John Browns* in the United States.

WHO IS WISE? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

Juvenile Department

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 16, 11, 14, 3, 9, 15, 7, 22, declared war against Cassander.
My 2, 6, 21, 16, 8, is a river in Gaul.
My 3, 21, 15, 18, 21, 21, 11, 19, laid the foundation of the Vandal Kingdom in Africa.
My 4, 11, 14, 19, 12, is a celebrated city of Africa.
My 5, 21, 18, 9, 22, 11, 21, 14, 8, was a King of Egypt, who conquered the Thracians (in Europe.)
My 6, 1, 4, 24, 7, 8, is the largest mountain of Asia.
My 7, 24, 12, 16, 4, 18, is the most ancient of all the Gods.
My 8, 22, 16, 21, 19, 1, was a celebrated philosopher of antiquity.
My 9, 24, 21, 5, 11, 21, 19, was a son of Agamemnon.
My 10, 23, 11, 9, a Roman who advocated Temperance.
My 11, 23, 12, 14, 6, 17, 8, was intimate with Pliny.
My 12, 24, 15, 11, 2, 8, was a Greek Poet of Cilicia.
My 13, 15, 23, 24, 9, a celebrated Latin writer.
My 14, 5, 9, 19, 24, 20, 11, 21, 8, was an orator, who was intimate with Philip of Macedon.
My 15, 24, 21, 7, 18, was a King of Sparta.
My 16, 21, 24, 9, sacrificed the life of Seneca.
My 17, 21, 12, 16, 14, 20, was a daughter of Jupiter.
My 18, 21, 13, 21, 24, 2, 5, a Roman who conquered Babylon.
My 13, 14, 16, 16, 12, was a Roman banished by Octavius.
My 20, 16, 11, 14, 10, 24, 12, 6, 21, 18, stabbed Epaminondas.
My 21, 13, 12, 16, was a surname of Bacchus.
My 22, 21, 16, 11, 14, 7, 18, was a friend of Augustus.
My 23, 24, 5, 1, 19, 21, 8, the father of Mithridates.
My 24, 9, 8, 19, 14, 2, 22, was a Roman actor of Celebrity.
My whole is the name of a celebrated Roman.

THE ARITHMETICAL QUESTION in the Saturday Post of Dec. 3d, has brought us several solutions, but as the work is expressed by algebraic signs, we can do little more than acknowledge the favors of our correspondents. One dates from Willow Grove, one from York, and one from the West Point Academy. The young lady with a square lot appears to have the majority of suffrages.

The geographical enigma of the same date is also answered by several correspondents. The solution is "United States Saturday Post and Chronicle."

TO THE WORLD!—CAN WE DO MORE? We must look upon our own species, and behold the fearful amount of suffering and disease that there exists, without a feeling of painful sympathy arising in our hearts accompanied with the desire of bestowing relief if we possessed the power? No, we cannot; the human heart goes forth to meet its fellow, and extends to him the hand of sympathy, if nothing more. This may soothe, but it will not cure. He still feels himself an object that is loathed; he still feels himself a cripple; the anguish still lingers around his pillow. To be at all familiar with the history of diseases, cannot help being struck with the rapid increase of that peculiar class of diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, or habit of the system;—diseases of the mucous tissue, also of the osseous and glandular system, Scrofula, Cancerous Ulcers and Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Chronic Sore Eyes, and diseases of the bones. The chief cause of their increase is owing to their being hereditary, running through whole families and spreading destruction along their path.

But for all these ills there has a new medicine dawned upon the world; and in offering to the public this new preparation, which has for its object the relief of suffering humanity, it becomes necessary to state upon what grounds it puts forth its merits and the reasons upon which it founds its superior claims, to the attention of the afflicted, that all [illegible] its use, may repose full confidence in its restorative virtues.

The proprietors of SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA during the many years they have been engaged in preparing it, have tried hundreds of experiments upon the human system, and have had the pleasure of witnessing its happy results in numerous instances; and they were determined not to offer it to the world until they had become thoroughly convinced of its efficacy. They have now succeeded in preparing a medicine whose restorative virtues are without a parallel in the history of medicine, which fact is fully substantiated by the numerous testimonials of cures of the most difficult kinds of disease.

And now let the testimony of suffering humanity, who are gathering around it thick and fast, and by whose inherent virtues the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the afflicted are healed, bear witness of its merits. Let it stand or fall by its own inherent virtues. What it has done once it will do again, and by its use the world will be relieved of a vast amount of suffering and disease.

It is the intention of the proprietors to introduce it into the hospitals, into the almshouses and into all the public institutions, wherever enlightened reason may be inclined to receive it, which have for their object the sufferer's relief. And to the American public the proprietors would say, let that medicine which is destined to bring health and healing on its wings to its thousands and tens of thousands, receive your favorable consideration—let all philanthropists sustain an article which has for its object relief to both rich and poor. As long as the medicine produces the desired result, for which it is administered—and this has been proved again and again—is it not sufficient to all to administer it in cases where its benign influence may shed relief and happiness around the pillow of suffering and pain?

The following cure, at once so remarkable, so extraordinary as almost to surpass belief, has, in order to place its truth beyond the reach of [illegible] doubt, been sworn to, this 26th day of August, 1842, before his Honor, Robert H. Morris, Mayor of the city of New York.

NEW YORK, August 22, 1842.

Gentlemen—A tale of misery and woe is mine to tell, and as memory [illegible] in the task, brings back scenes that have past, I shudder at the picture and almost wonder if it is so. For [illegible] stretched upon a bed of suffering and distress racked by the most excruciating pain, [illegible] agony—the only voice that came from my lips the voice of groaning, and my only hope despair. Often and often while others slept in the still hours of night, I have turned my face to the wall and wished to die.

Although I stood on the brink of eternity and the thread of life was nearly severed, yet I still breathed on, the lamp held out to burn; I little thought it would be ever trimmed again and only hoped that death would swallow up the flame. My sickness was first brought on by my imprudently exposing myself to a strong current of air while over heated, which caused a sudden check of perspiration. My complaint at first seemed light and hardly worth while to call a physician; but I soon began to grow worse, and a physician was called, who prescribed some pills containing a powerful preparation of mercury, to be followed by sarsaparilla root and lignum vitæ made into a tea, which I continued using for several months without intermission. Soon after taking the mercury I began to feel its poisonous influence. My whole glandular system became affected, also the bones, joints and muscles; lumps formed upon my skin nearly as big as an egg, accompanied with intense burning heat, which kept swelling until they broke, and discharged matter and blood. These continued to increase until they covered my whole body. But this was only the beginning of my afflictions; now commenced those torturing pains termed chronic rheumatism. At times it seemed as if I was stretched upon a rack and all my limbs were being torn from each other; at others, as if sharp knives were piercing me at every point. The muscles of my legs seemed tied in knots and were as hard as a bone. My distress was now so great that my groans at night disturbed the whole house, and also some of the families in the adjacent buildings. I had not slept a night since the early part of December [illegible] the only sleep I obtained was a few hours during the middle of the day propped up in a chair, and the eruptions [illegible] also fearfully increased. My face was completely covered with an extending sore. I had now shrunk to a mere skeleton—the skin and flesh were so diseased around my thighs that the bones nearly protruded, and the physicians pronounced my case beyond the reach of medicine. On [illegible] I wished that I might die. From my long and protracted illness we had become much reduced in circumstances. A short time since while looking in the papers I chanced to see your Sarsaparilla advertised, accompanied with a certificate from Mr Burdock, of a most extraordinary cure made by its use. [illegible] commenced taking it. I felt the pain much easier and went to sleep. I had not slept like this for months. By the time I had used one bottle, the pain had nearly left, the eruption was also much better. I now felt a strange hope gathering in my breast that I should live; perhaps be cured. [illegible] I dared not believe it. I sent and got another bottle, continuing to improve rapidly and still another, and I—a few days since a miserable, suffering, dying man, was almost well. Two weeks from the day I took the first dose I was out, and walked nearly three miles without even the assistance of a cane. And now, gentlemen, hear me. I am well! and have testified before my God upon His sacred Word, that all [illegible] believe this statement for it is true. True; oh how lamely these cold words describe those fearful nights of agony, those dreadful days of suffering. True! Yes gentlemen, I herald it to the world that all may know what your preparation of Sarsaparilla has done for me. My heart yearns towards those suffering and afflicted like I was, and I only hope this statement will induce others to pursue the same course for relief.

Ever gratefully yours,
THOMAS TURNER, 43 Anthony street.

City and County of New York, ss: I hereby certify that on this 26th day of August, 1842, the above named Thomas Turner appeared before me, in the Mayor's Office, and having been duly sworn, stated that the above statement by him subscribed, was true.
ROBERT H. MORRIS,
Mayor of the city of New York.

I do hereby certify that the above is a correct statement of the case of Thomas Turner, and the effect of your Sarsaparilla upon him; his wife being a member of my congregation, I have frequently visited them and know the facts to be true. SEYMOUR VAN DEUSEN, No. 176 Duane st.
Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Duane st.

We, the undersigned, being neighbors of Thomas Turner, do hereby certify that the above is a correct statement of his case and the operation of your Sarsaparilla upon him.
WILLIAM LOZEY, Wine Merchant,
Corner of Church and Leonard sts.
JOEL B. LURBY, Grocer,
Corner of Franklin and Church sts.
ISAAC L. COWL, Grocer, 87 Franklin st.

Reference is also made, if any further evidence is required, to Mr. James Brown, of the house of Brown, Brothers & Co., who is acquainted with the above particulars, in whose employ the above named Thomas Turner was a number of years previous to his illness, and he has now returned into his employment again since his recovery.

The proprietors also submit to the public the following certificate, from a highly respectable source, of a cure made by using their preparation of Sarsaparilla, which cannot but have the effect of placing beyond all doubt the curative powers of the medicine.

NEW YORK, August 3, 1842.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Under a feeling sense of gratitude inherent to us all when suddenly relieved from suffering and disease, I now, as an act of justice due to you, and with a view of relieving the afflicted, make known to the world the inestimable benefit I have received from the use of your Sarsaparilla. In the year 1832 I sailed from England in a vessel bound for Quebec, and while on the passage first discovered the disease which after proved to be a sore affliction; and truly I can say, from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet there was no soundness in me. From the time first mentioned down until the present, a period of more than ten years, I have suffered all that human nature was capable of bearing. I have been under the care of the most distinguished physicians, both in this country and England, visited Bath, Cheltenham, Bristol and Gloucester, tried various specifics among others a large quantity of Swaim's Panacea, used sulphur baths, etc. etc. As a last resort I was induced to wrap myself in a tarpaulment, kept myself secluded, shunned by all, save if also shunning. I was inclined to believe my case a hopeless one.

In August last, by the advice of friends, I went to the N. York City Hospital, but was there told that my case was incurable. The disease now enveloped my whole body, rendering me almost helpless; the skin thickened and cracked, and blood and matter ran, and life itself became almost a burden. A few weeks since I was induced to use your Sarsaparilla by hearing it so highly recommended, having spent nearly $300 without obtaining but little relief. After using it a short time, I found myself better, and now, by using six or eight bottles, costing me less than ten dollars I am well. Yes, I certify and declare to the world, that after spending near $2000 in travelling and doctoring, and suffering more than can be told, I was perfectly cured by using your invaluable preparation of Sarsaparilla; and I now recommend it to all similarly afflicted. Those wishing to know further particulars will find me at my residence, No. 97 Warren st. New York, where I shall be happy to communicate any thing in relation to the above cure. PAUL BURDOCK.

ITS OWN WORKS PROCLAIM IT.—Let the following speak for itself:

NEW YORK, August 16, 1842.

Messrs Sands: Gentlemen—Owing to you a debt which money cannot pay, I am induced to make a public acknowledgement of the benefit I have derived from your invaluable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I was sorely afflicted with a terrible scrofulous disease, hereditary in our family, which commenced on my neck, and continuing to spread, soon reached my ears, running into my head and extended all over my face, neck, arms and lower extremities. I became a disgusting object to look upon. At times my distress was so great that I was unable to sleep or lie down, and the disease extending into my ears, seriously affected my hearing. My face was one continuous sore, from which a discharge of matter and water kept continually oozing out. People avoided me, supposing I had the small pox, or some other infectious disease, and I was consequently obliged to relinquish my business. Notwithstanding I had the best medical advice, and tried different plans of treatment, the disease continued to grow worse, until I gave up in despair. Fortunately for me, I chanced to fall in with a lady on board a railroad car while travelling for my health, who informed me that her son was at one time in as bad a condition as I was, and that by using your Sarsaparilla he was speedily cured. I immediately procured the article and commenced using it, and now, after having used less than six bottles, I am well and able to attend to my business. I send you this statement as an act of justice, only hoping that it may induce the afflicted to make use of the right medicine, and thereby save them much suffering and expense. Those wishing to learn further particulars concerning my case, will find me at 207 Greenwich street, where it will afford me great pleasure to communicate any thing in relation to the above. I am, with gratitude, yours, etc. AMOS DENMAN.

Other certificates might be added, but there are considered sufficient to carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind of the health-restoring virtues of Sands's Sarsaparilla.

Caution. As there are various preparations of Sarsaparilla offered for sale, the public are cautioned in order to obtain the genuine, to always ask for SANDS' SARSAPARILLA prepared and sold at wholesale and retail by A. B. SANDS & Co. Druggists and Chemists, 273 Broadway, New York. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d street, and by F. Klett & Co. corner of [illegible] and Callowhill streets. Sold in Baltimore by J. A. Reed, corner of Gay and Baltimore street. In Richmond Va. by A. Duval & Co. In Norfolk and Petersburgh by Santos and Toy. In Charleston, S. C. by Haviland Harrall & Allen. In Augusta, Ga. by Haviland, Risley & Co. In Mobile by Moorly & Co. In Cincinnati, Ohio, by G. F. Thomas & Co. In Cleveland, Ohio, by H. J. Gaylord & Co. In Utica, N. Y. by J. E. Warner. In Albany by A. Guthrie. In Boston, Mass. by Smith & Fowle, 138 Washington street. In Providence R. I. by Chas. Dyer, Jr. and by druggists generally through the United States.

☞ Be particular to ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take none other.

☞ Price One Dollar per bottle, or six bottles for Five Dollars. nov 19-eow-tm

OLLIS'S PATENT HYDRAULION PUMPS, for Wells, Vessels, Railroads, Factories, Paper Mills, &c. Iron [illegible], Hose and Connections, strong, durable, of great power, easily worked, neat and cheap, superior to any pumps in use! HYDRAULION PUMP FACTORY, [illegible] 24, opposite Fetter Lane, above Arch street.

☞ Patent Rights for States or counties for sale. Letters (post paid,) addressed to S. C. ATKINSON, Agent, No. 39 Race street, will be promptly attended to. To let, several Large Rooms with Steam Power for manufacturers. nov 5-3m

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IMPORTANT TO THE DEAF.—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and who, of course, know its value.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Country merchants and druggists, who are in want of Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil, a medicine that is a certain cure for Deafness and Diseases of the Ears, can obtain the preparation by sending their orders to their friends in this city, or to Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, or B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North Second street, Philadelphia, who have the medicine at wholesale or retail.

Price $10.00 per dozen, or $1 for a single bottle. Terms cash. Letters must be post paid. ap 22-tf